32037

PE
1408
.R2

WITHDRAWN

607
R15

THE METHOD AND PRACTICE OF EXPOSITION

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

THE METHOD AND PRACTICE OF EXPOSITION

A TEXT-BOOK FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS IN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

BY

THOMAS E. RANKIN

Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

MICHIGAN
COLLEGE OF MINES
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1917,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Set up and electrotyped. Published May, 1917.

PE
1408
.R2

PREFACE

Exposition is the one form of writing that men and women who write at all in their every-day life, business, profession, or scientific pursuit, are constantly employing. This book attempts to furnish the psychological theory of exposition, its methods, and ways in which it has found best expression, to those who are thoughtful about their discourse, in science, history, literature, and even business, though the emphasis is, very naturally, placed more upon literary study and authorship than upon any other sort. It has been written chiefly for students who have had at least the study and practice usually pursued during the first year of college. The book, therefore, is not intended to take the place of but to follow upon the study of such invaluable texts and hand-books as Genung's *Working Principles of Rhetoric,* Cairns's *Forms of Discourse,* Scott and Denney's *Paragraph-Writing,* Bates's *Talks on Writing English,* Wendell's *English Composition,* Gardiner's *The Forms of Prose Literature,* and Fulton's *Expository Writing.* However, while the book is designed primarily for advanced college and university students, it is possible that the intelligent and vigorous writer, teacher, critic, or analytical reader who may not be in college classes, may find its suggestions stimulating and directive. The author takes pleasure in acknowledging the generosity which prompted Professor J. R. Brumm and Dr. H. S.

32037 35 JAN 16 1925

Mallory to take from their busy hours time to read the "early manuscript" from which this book has grown. His indebtedness, also, to the teaching of Professor F. N. Scott, in days of yore, is acknowledged with gratitude,— likewise the stimulus derived from many other colleagues.

University of Michigan.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Function of Exposition	1
II	Definition	31
III	The Mind and the Subject	57
IV	The Methods of Analysis	73
V	Style in Exposition	113
VI	Reporting and Interpreting	155
VII	Criticism	182
VIII	Additional Assignments; and Selections for Analysis	205

THE METHOD AND PRACTICE OF EXPOSITION

CHAPTER I

The Function of Exposition

I

THE PRELIMINARIES

Two things are preliminary to undertaking the task of writing: first, the writer must have the meaning of his work thoroughly clear in his mind, and second, he must have the ability to set forth that work in the words and in the order best adapted to give to the reader the impressions which he desires to give.

To have the meaning of one's work thoroughly defined to one's self, or to understand what one is about to do, is largely a matter of native endowment. Training will never provide one with the faculty of insight; that faculty is inborn. Yet many people are born with the faculty of insight who are unwilling to permit themselves to employ it. This is particularly true in the practical affairs of life; and writing is one of the most practical of all affairs. The ideal with which every writer should approach the subject-matter of his thought is the ideal of the philosopher Spinoza, when he said,

"When I have applied my mind to politics, so that I might examine what belongs to politics with the same precision of mind as we use for mathematics, I have taken my best pains not to laugh at the actions of mankind, nor to groan over them, nor to be angry with them, but to understand them." That is the first requisite to exposition, to understand what one is thinking of; without it a writer will never fulfil the function of an expositor, for that function is to make others understand.

A man who is gifted with the power of understanding, however, may never make a good writer. Much less will "temperament" alone make a good writer. A good writer is a man gifted with executive ability; and executive ability in writing shows itself in craftsmanship. This craftsmanship works itself out through the use of the best words in the best order, the best sentences in the best order, and the most finely constructed and arranged paragraphs. It is the result largely of two things: good reading and careful practice. Yet the reading which is intended merely to understand what is read, or to enjoy, will go only a very little way toward helping one to write well. One who reads with the purpose of increasing his power as a writer reads well only when he is diligently observing how thought is developed and illustrated through the handling of the details of diction and arrangement. And a writer is practising carefully only when he begins his work with an idea or a group of ideas worthy of development and illustration, then carefully plans the scope, order, and details of the development and illustration, and,

finally, with much taking of pains, carries into effect his plans of material and of procedure. "I must write with pains, that he may read with ease."

It is idle to discuss at great length which of the two, reading or practice, is the greater aid to success in writing. Each is indispensable. Reading even merely for general information, reading for amusement, for moral inspiration and guidance, are all of direct value to him who is seeking to write well. And yet one may read for these purposes for many years and still be greatly troubled when he attempts to inform, delight, or morally energise others, unless he has, in a discriminating manner, observed the ways in which these influences have been conveyed to him through what he has been reading. But to observe the thinking and planning and representation of planned thinking through words in an orderly structure, will never go far toward making a writer unless there is practice upon his part. No one at first trial at writing ever produced a highly effective piece of work. Fine productions are not the result of what is called "spontaneity." Science to-day teaches that there is no such thing as spontaneity in living beings. So-called spontaneity is but habit, or "second-nature." Action and re-action are equal; there is a demand for writing,— therefore, there is a need in the mind of man to meet that demand. Need produces habit, and habits create,— or train, rather,— an organ to meet the need. But the need created by the demand is not met, excepting under the most extraordinary conditions, until after long and careful training, until after diligent and painstaking practice.

By dint of good reading and careful practice one learns to understand what he is about. An intelligent account of how good writing has been done and how it should be done constitutes the theory of writing. From the reading of well-written books, and from assiduous practice in writing, one will, in even an unnoticed way it may be, absorb much that will help to establish the habit of writing well. Also an intelligent conception and an intelligible account of the methods of finding material and the methods of adapting form of expression to that material and to the circumstances of the mind of readers,— in other words, a theory based upon reading and practice,— is of considerable value in guiding the writer into good ways and checking him from bad ways of doing his work of composition. Such an understanding of one's work is of even more help during the revision of what one has already written than during the process of composition. It is easy, however, to over-estimate the practical value of knowledge of the theory of written discourse. John Locke said, "Pray remember that pupils are not to be taught by rules which will always be a-slipping out of their memories. What you think necessary for them to do, settle in them by an indispensable practice as often as the occasion returns; and, if it be possible, make occasions. This will beget habits in them which, being once established, operate of themselves easily and naturally without the assistance of memory." Still, *some* knowledge of theory is requisite to one who desires to become an accomplished writer. In fact there can be little intelligent reading without such knowledge in at least an incipient stage

of mastery, and surely less of intelligent practice without such knowledge.

The actual task of writing is to mould our thought and feeling into shapeliness through the medium of language. It is based upon mastery of method; and method is mastered by careful study of what others have succeeded in doing and by intelligent and frequent practice.

II

THE GOAL

The goal to be sought in expository writing is the same goal that is sought in all scientific work,— truth. Truth is the adequacy of a description of facts, or a formula accurately describing the general features of a set of facts. Truth is a consistently formulated idea. Once consistently formulated, it holds good forever. The goal in exposition, then, is the adequate formulation of an idea, or of a group of ideas. The theory of exposition is the explanation of the steps by means of which this goal of adequate formulation of ideas is reached.

Perhaps as good a definition of exposition as has been framed is this: Exposition is the form of discourse whose purpose is to make clear to the intellect an idea or a related group of ideas. This is, at least, the scientific aspect of exposition. And yet exposition is not a science only; its purpose is not alone to be clear. Exposition is also an art. It is even a branch of ethics. It is an art in so far as, in its formulation of truth, it

succeeds in giving pleasure. It is ethical in so far as, along with conveying understanding and pleasure to the mind, it aids in "the general advance of the human spirit." It is an art in the sense in which the Italians use the term "art" when they associate it with delight. It is both artistic and ethical in the sense in which the Greeks used the term "art" when they associated it with virtue. We demand of exposition that which we demand of every science, that it shall be clear. Exposition proves itself to be an art when it meets the demand we make of every art, that it shall be interesting. If it turns out to be permanently interesting, it will also prove itself useful, and thus will become an important phase of ethics.

An exposition will be scientific in a most commendable way if, in addition to being clear, it is convincing, that is, if it satisfies the mind of the reader, if it leaves no doubt within his mind. It will be good art if, in addition to being interesting, it is controlled or well-disciplined in form. It is ethical in so far as its material has a social effect,— in so far as its content is something worth while which is being shared through the fact of having been presented in writing. Clearness and convincingness are its scientific qualities, interest and disciplined form its artistic qualities, permanent social value its ethical quality.

To be clear and to be interesting are the two prime requisites of exposition. But the writing will never be convincing nor will it ever be widely read unless it is written by a trained and vigorously disciplined mind. And nothing will so well train the mind as writing.

III

STEPS TOWARD SUCCESS

How shall one go about it to be so clear and permanently interesting as to be convincing and to be widely read? What shall he do to become a trained and vigorous writer? Any effort in this direction, in the outcome of which success may be hoped for, must be preceded or accompanied by two things: first, concrete experience; and, second, method.

To be concrete in writing is to make "the pulse of thought beat with the pulse of things." Concrete experience does not consist of observation alone. One cannot be a mere looker-on in Vienna and acquire concrete experience. Active connection with what is being looked upon is necessary to the acquisition of concrete experience. Concrete experience is both what befalls a man and that which he actively engages in. It is observation plus experiment. It is both seeing and noting, and, in addition to seeing and noting, it is acquiring knowledge by trial or proof. Concrete experience is built up by an accurate observation of facts and of the conditions under which they occur, and by practising with those facts. Its acquisition is both a passive and an active process. The gaining of it is the first step toward success in writing. Concrete experience of life and that alone will assure making what one writes conform with facts. It alone will make sure that the things written of will seem real, that the events recorded will seem actual.

The second step toward success in writing is mastery of method. Method in exposition is of two general types: (1) direct, and (2) indirect.

The direct method of exposition proceeds by means of definition and logical analysis. In the employment of this method, the writer keeps the attention of himself and of his reader fixed directly and unvaryingly upon that which is being explained. In his explanation, he lays out, as it were upon a plane surface, the whole and the parts of the situation or the process to be explained, defining each part, and showing the relation of each part to the other parts and to the whole, and stating the function or the result of all as a whole.

In indirect exposition, on the contrary, the author is analogical. He employs other things or events to explain the one thing which he desires to elucidate, appealing to the constructive power of the imagination of the reader to furnish the inferences from one thing or event to another, or, perhaps, even taking the trouble to state the way in which the analogy holds good. He tells a story or makes a description, it may be, and then, explicitly or by implication, says, "Look on this event or thing which I have set before you and then look on that which is in need of being made clear, and see now whether the latter appears to you in a clear light." The author of indirect exposition thus draws upon familiar experience as a symbol, and expects the reader to understand the new or unfamiliar experience through the resemblances which it has to the familiar or old.

In both the direct and the indirect methods there are employed classification, gradation, contrast, em-

phasis, definition of terms, and the showing of causal relationships. All of these will be discussed later in this book. A harmonious and shapely structure, such as a good piece of exposition is, cannot be created without these minor methods or processes.

It is a common but erroneous opinion that the direct method of definition, following the processes of definition and analysis (which will be discussed in full in succeeding chapters) is more difficult than the indirect method of analogy. The method made up of definition and analysis seems more difficult than the indirect method because, as a general thing, the indirect method, consisting of telling a story or describing, is more interesting to the average reader. But the fact is that in the indirect method there is expended much more mental energy upon the part of both the writer and the reader. Before writing indirect exposition, it is necessary for the author thoroughly to define to himself and thoroughly to analyse the idea, process, or situation, to be explained. If he does not do so he will be unable to determine the proper material for his analogies. When the explaining narrative or description has been written, the writer may proceed to make definitions and state inferences which the analogy suggests, or he may, and often does, leave to the reader the processes of defining and inferring. It is a compliment to the intellectual powers of the reader to explain by story or by description, permitting him then to see the point for himself. He is exhilarated by the pleasure of perusing the story or description, and his mind *seems* with more of ease to make the inferences

and defining statements. In reality, however, more of mental energy is expended by the reader as well as by the writer in this indirect method of exposition than in the direct, and more mental processes are aroused and active.

IV

KINDS OF READERS

Since to be clear and interesting and convincing implies some one to be clear and interesting and convincing to, it follows that exposition is a science and an art of adaptation. It is the science and the art of adaptation, by means of language, of the experience of the writer to the experience of the reader. It is not an easy matter to be clear and interesting and convincing. If he who speaks, speaks twice, conveying meaning by tone of voice and by gesture as well as by word, then he who writes must write a various language, for, potentially, his readers are numberless in their variety.

For a writer, then, after determining that he wishes to impress others with an idea which has become impressive to him, the first step is to make up his mind concerning the nature and circumstances of those whom he desires to impress. This must be done even before he decides whether he shall employ the direct or the indirect method of exposition. He will find that readers are readily classified into (1) those who are most quickly and strongly impressed by direct and explicit definition and logical analysis, and (2) those who are most quickly and effectively impressed by exposition

presented indirectly by means of symbols or analogies of some sort. The second group of persons is of a more imaginative type of mind than the first group.

V

THE INDIRECT METHOD OF REACHING THE READER

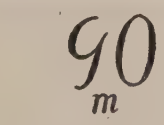
Since the larger part of our attention will be given to the discussion of the methods of direct exposition, it may be well at this point to explain somewhat fully the methods of indirect exposition. Let us repeat that in the employment of the indirect method the writer passes through a two-fold process of thinking, first defining and analysing his theme, or idea, for himself, and then, second, inventing a narrative or description in such form as to suggest the results of his definition and analysis. Likewise, in reading such an exposition, the reader exercises a two-fold process, first mentally grasping the story or the picture, and then inferring the definitions and analyses, or, more often the case, as in a flash seeing the meaning of what had not before been clear. The reader who prefers to see the meaning of human experience through the coloured medium of narration or of description, is not likely to admit that he has a less subtle mind than his friend who claims to be more scientific and therefore more strongly to be appealed to by logical analysis and definition. Of course every scientific demonstration is, when told, a story, just as, when performed, it has been a moving picture. The man who likes the story and the picture presented by the

writer will say that he prefers to do his own thinking, having an explanation only suggested to him rather than laid out upon a plane surface with all of its parts clearly and plainly in view.

Let us illustrate, in a summary way, the indirect method of exposition. Suppose that a writer wishes to make clear and interesting an idea of his to the effect that there is a substantial difference between northerner and southerner in the United States of America, that the difference is one of temperament,— perhaps even of character. The idea is by no means new, so that to make its exposition interesting the writer will be forced to employ rather new material, or at least material with an air of novelty about it. The writer is William Sydney Porter. He lives in an age of big business, an age in which northerner and southerner, Puritan and Cavalier, mingle, in such a city as New York, in all the activities of life; in an age, also, in which, and in business matters most of all, young men have come prominently to the fore. He will write a story of two young business men, cousins, in that city. He will take their connection with business and with social life and enmesh it with a charming but unscrupulous feminine personage, "young and petulantly, decidedly, freshly, consciously, and intentionally pretty." Under such circumstances the temperament and the character of the cousins from different latitudes stand revealed as being interestingly and sharply at variance. The story is entitled "Thimble, Thimble." It is a concrete symbol of the idea of the author, though the reader is left to make all definitions and inferences for himself. It is

doubtful whether Sydney Porter would have agreed with the statement of George Meredith that "Narrative is nothing; it is the mere vehicle of philosophy; the interest is in the idea which action serves to illustrate." Still, he makes it quite clear in this narrative that he has a definite idea concerning northerner as contrasted with southerner, and he sets forth that idea in a very clear manner. Since he has been interesting as well as clear and has organised his narrative exposition into a harmonious structure, we say that his work is artistic. His method has not been scientific; but, taking for granted what we already know about north and south in the United States, the result is practically as convincing as if the method had been scientific, and not merely imaginative.

Take a second example. Andrew Lang wishes to call attention to his belief that much of the interpretation of ancient monuments is done in an absurd fashion, and with ridiculous results. He proceeds, therefore, to write as if long hence in the future, and relates a discovery made in southern England, of a stone on which appears an inscription which looks much like this:—



Now, he says, it is well known that in the England of the nineteenth century there lived a prominent statesman who was named William Ewart Gladstone whose services to the Empire earned for him the popular appellation "Grand Old Man." Well, here we are,— this

stone is one of numerous monuments erected to display the affectionate regard in which this popular statesman was held. Of course, that the stone was found precisely half-way between London and Bristol is of no consequence, even though the distance between the two cities is one hundred eighty miles.

Again, take an example from one of the most interesting of twentieth century writers, Mr. John Galsworthy. He desires to make it clear that panic is at the back of all the violence that men are guilty of, and in order to do so he tells the tale entitled, "The Black Godmother," which is now included in the volume called *The Inn of Tranquillity.* Mr. Galsworthy is committed also to a certain theory concerning the punishment of petty criminals, and in the same volume he sets forth that theory in the sketch entitled, "The Grand Jury,—In Two Panels and a Frame." He is greatly interested that the reading- and the theatre-going public may have clear ideas concerning the results of the clash of interests in the industrial life of England. Sharply and vividly he pictures those results in his drama entitled *Strife,* so much so that every one is forced to see the relation of these results to very definite causes. Ibsen, also, employs the drama known in English as *The Wild Duck* in order to convey to others his idea that a certain definite relation exists between a certain known effect and a certain known cause. Shakespeare's casket story in *The Merchant of Venice* is told, not for the sake of entertainment alone, but also to make emphatic the idea that men mistake in always associating happiness with certain things of known value.

The novel of purpose is so-called because of its expository effects. Thomas Hardy thinks the world may be defined as a place in which men and women are caught as in a trap, and that this trap works by chance. His novel entitled *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was written to illustrate such a definition. Thackeray thought it worth while to weigh the social life of his day to see if that life be found wanting, and his scales were the novel of *Vanity Fair*. Even the biographic sketch is used for the sake of exposition of ideas. Mr. William Allen White appears to consider Grover Cleveland to have been the most unique figure in American politics. He has written a biographic sketch of Cleveland from birth until the day when popular revolt sent Cleveland into the White House as the nation's chief executive. But in relating the incidents of the man's life, the stress is placed all along upon what Cleveland was rather than upon the things he chanced or planned to do; hence the sketch is expository. John Ruskin thought it well to make it understood in his time that great art cannot be produced among surroundings that are not beautiful. He accordingly described the environment of an artist at Rochedale in nineteenth century industrial England and then that of the artists in thirteenth century Venice.

All the writings we have just outlined,— short-story, essay, drama, novel, biography,— are narrative and pictorial in their methods. Yet they all serve to illustrate ideas and to make them clear, interesting, and convincing, and they have, then, accomplished the purposes of good exposition. A writer who can achieve his pur-

poses better by narrative and descriptive means than he can by definition and logical analysis should for himself consider the former the better means.

Herbert Spencer in his *Philosophy of Style* maintains that the sole source of force in writing rests in the ability to economise the attention of the reader. He thinks the written word should be as transparent as possible in transmitting its meaning to the reader. "A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognise and interpret the symbols presented to him requires a part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realising the thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conveyed." Now, it might be inferred that if, in addition to one's realising the thought from each sentence read, he must also carry the trend of the story or the description read, there must therefore be a double task to perform in reaching the ultimate meaning. And this is really the case; though, as we have said, the two-fold exertion of energy is unapparent to many a reader, because he is being entertained while story or picture is being presented.

Mastery of method is the pathway to success. "Big business" has taught mankind that much, at all events. And it is not the student with "literary aspirations" alone who needs training in method. The student of history or of science who proclaims that he pays little

heed to how he writes, that he is interested in only what he has to say, forgets the reason for the success of Gibbon and Parkman and Motley and J. R. Green and Sir Charles Lyell and Thomas Henry Huxley and Charles Darwin. There is little danger, in these direct, hurrying, straightforward days, that the student will fall into the error of being "all for form," however much he may give his days and nights to, as Virgil put it, "licking the cub into shape."

What is the best method by means of which to accomplish the purpose of a good exposition? That depends chiefly upon the type of mind of the reader to be reached, and only a little less upon the type of mind of the writer himself. Any method that will best succeed in creating the state of mind desired in the reader is the best method to use in any case. That may not be the best of ethics in every walk of life, but it is the best ethics in the science and art of writing. But the method must be mastered. It is too often true that the inexperienced writer thinks the mastery of the incisive phrase is the whole of the art of writing. However vastly important it is at times that one should make his phrases winged shafts that will set the brains of men aflame, they are never likely to do that if they are not let fly from a well-shaped and well-strung bow.

Method is learned and put into operation by reading and analysing what one reads, and by practice. At the outset, more reading and analysis than practice is to be preferred. And one must read and analyse that which appeals to him as good, though it happens occasionally that what one has not cared much for becomes most in-

teresting to him during the process of analysing it, just as much as it has sometimes happened that too close analysis of what one likes has spoiled the work for him who analyses. It is, as a rule, of little or no value for a student to analyse what is wholly uninteresting to him. In an essay entitled "Is It Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?", Augustine Birrell once said, "To admire by tradition is a poor thing. Far better really to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Miss Austen's." And Thoreau remarked, "If the writers of the brazen age are most suggestive to thee, confine thyself to them and leave those of the Augustan age to dust and the bookworm." This is as true of history and science as of fiction. It is just as well to let alone that which every one admires but no one examines unless he has to. But it remains to add that if the student finds no pleasure and no profit in reading any of the works which the taste of generations has found beautiful, and the judgment of generations has pronounced good, then there is little hope of his becoming a good writer.

VI

PANORAMAS OF EXPERIENCE

The fundamental material of exposition is ideas. The fundamental function of exposition, as we have been saying, is the making clear of ideas to the intellect, in order that they may be interesting and convincing, and, sometimes, moving. But what do we mean by "ideas"?

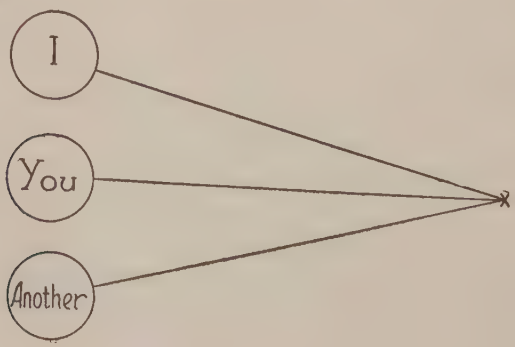
We mean truths, those things which constitute the conformity of descriptions of facts with the facts themselves.

A truth, we think, is an idea which holds good for everybody,— whether everybody likes it or not. Absolute truth, like a natural law, is a constant relation between two definite, immutable terms. But as a practical matter, truth never seems to us quite so fixed as that. Truth is rarely universal with us, for each of us judges his world of experience, makes up his own ideas, in accordance with his own equipment. F. H. Bradley says that his dog's system of logic, if he has one, runs, "What exists smells, what does not smell is nothing." It is the tendency of all of us, too, to come to this sort of conclusion, and frequently we do so through no less abbreviated processes of reasoning. The dog judges the world as it comes to him through his equipment; his equipment is dominated by one phase of it, his highly sensitive organ of smell. The chief difference, in this connection, between us and the dog, is that our equipment is dominated by things more powerful than sensation and the faculty of immediate reaction to sensation.

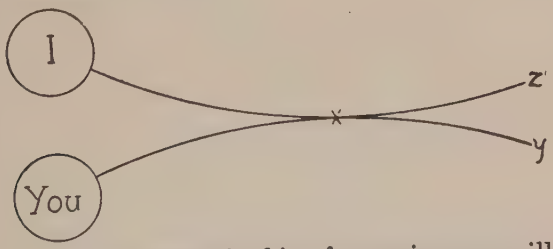
Bernard Bosanquet, in his *Essentials of Logic,* likens the equipment of each of us to a circular panorama. "Each one of us, we must think, is shut up alone inside such a panorama, which is movable and flexible, and follows him wherever he goes. . . . The individual cannot get outside this encircling scenery, and no one else can get inside it." Every one's panorama differs, he says, from that of every one else; and the only reason why we can make our ideas clear to others is that the

panoramas of all of us correspond through the common nature of our knowledge. We may take a step back of Bosanquet's "common knowledge," however, and say that all these panoramas correspond because of what seems to be the common nature of our intelligence, and because of the intelligibility of the world which we experience.

No doubt, too, our panoramas correspond also because of the common primordial source from which we all sprang; and yet each individual as he now comes into existence as an individual has a different starting-point from the starting-points of all others in experience. Hence the panoramas correspond, and no more. They are not identical. Furthermore, not only does each have a different starting point, but, to reach any common goal of experience, each individual travels a different road from the road travelled by every other individual. Let us suppose that the following circles represent, if not the experience, at least the viewpoints of three persons, and that the letter x represents a fact of the world in the process of being "experienced" by each of the three persons.



It is readily seen that the experience of each person differs from that of both the others, because the view-point of each varies from that of each of the others. For example, while the actual temperature on the morning of February 12 may vary slightly in the same city block, yet it hardly varies so much as the various residents of that block report; but we do not question the experience of the reporters, for we know that their equipment differs as to sensitiveness to cold, and even as to thermometers which are theirs to read. Starting-points and view-points differ, and even if one person may succeed in getting upon approximately the same road in life as that travelled by another, yet after he has arrived there his experience will differ from that of his fellow-traveller, because he is still affected by his starting-point and by the experience acquired before arriving upon that same road.



In the above figure the bit of experience x will soon turn out to be z for one and y for the other traveller, however much, at the moment of contemporaneous contact with it, x may have seemed alike to both, for the trend of each person's previous experience continues to drive him upon a path varying in its orbit from the path of the other.

The medium in which the world of fact exists for us is knowledge; but it is the world's intelligibility which holds the world of experience together for us. Knowledge is but the world of fact in mental form. Our common knowledge comes to us because of the common nature of the intelligence of all of us, and because of the intelligibility of the world in which we and our panoramas of experience live. It is because of this fact that our panoramas are not identical, but in correspondence.

This knowledge of ours we state in the form of affirmations, sometimes positive, sometimes negative. The question we are now raising is, How are we to get these affirmations accepted by others? The question will be discussed more fully in the chapter upon "The Mind and The Subject"; but a point or two may be made concerning it here.

We shall never get our affirmations accepted by others if we do not at the outset recognise that they cannot be acceptable so long as they are inconsistent with the ideas of others. People are at times "forced to conclusions" which they have been most unwilling to accept; but it is obvious that these conclusions are finally accepted only because they are found to be in harmony with some other conclusions at which arrival had previously been made. Logicians say that conclusions to which we are "forced," whether we are willing about it or not, are "necessary judgments." Such judgments, or affirmations, are "necessary" because they have a share in a universal system of ideas all of which must and do cohere or hang together because of the correspondence of these ideas with the world of reality about and within us.

Of course before we are likely to be successful in getting other people to accept our affirmations, positive or negative, we must find these affirmations consistent with the truths already accepted by ourselves,— else their insincerity is almost certain to appear, because of the tone with which they will affect what we affirm. Then, as we have said above, our affirmations must be consistent with the truths known by our auditors or readers. It never does to say, with an air of finality, "Well, that is what I think." The fact is that the very tone of that remark is often and nearly always an acknowledgment of defeat. Mr. Trillo in Peacock's *Crotchet Castle,* affirmed that

> After careful meditation,
> And profound deliberation,
> On the various petty projects which have just been shown,
> Not a scheme in agitation
> For the world's ameloriation,
> Has a grain of common sense in it, except my own.

But he was immediately met with, from Several Voices,

"We are not disposed to join in any such chorus."

Not even "This is what I am compelled to think" settles the matter, unless we can show that we are thus compelled by the power of the truth of the world which contains not only our circles of experience but the circles of experience of others as well. When we desire to be heard and heeded, we cannot go beyond our own experience, neither can we stop short of the experience of others. In order, then, to secure the acceptance of an affirmation, we must adapt the statement of it to, first,

our own experience, and, second, the experience of those appealed to. Speech-craft is the art of *adaptation* by means of language,— adaptation being understood to mean an adequate appeal to experience.

The test of truth is consistency with experience. The test of the validity of a discovery is its consistency with experience. Most of the "discoveries" hailed as new truths are not new, not entirely new. It is doubtful if any of them are new. Even though the "discovery" may be new to the individual, it is usually something old to the human race, or, if it is new to the race, it is old in nature,— or at the most, merely a new compounding of truths old in nature. "It is notably frequent that one has no sooner announced a 'new' truth than a careful reading of history discovers it already lurking somewhere. He has brought it into a new connection, given it a new basis, and it is new only in that sense. Once it was only a guess; he has made it an assurance." For example, the early Greeks held that all the heavenly bodies which they could see were spherical, not flat. But they held this view on purely *a priori* grounds. These bodies, they reasoned, are heavenly bodies and therefore perfect in figure; but the most perfect figure is the sphere; therefore these bodies are spherical. "It is an interesting instance of a true conclusion based on false premises. As an established assurance, the sphericity of the heavenly bodies was, therefore, a new truth to the Copernicans, though as a guess based on mistaken premises it was very old."

With us as with the early Greeks the vision of the imagination precedes the scientific collection of data.

Indeed, it may be truly said that the work of the imagination has preceded every important discovery. Of course the imagination must have something to work upon; therefore, some experience precedes its activity. But we usually, if not quite always, do much deductive thinking before we permit ourselves to carry inductive thinking very far, for the mind is always conscious of the fact that all induction is more or less artificial. The farther we advance in experience and in inductive thinking, the more deduction affords us starting-points for new induction. The great and modest thinker cares very little for the glitter of that which is new; he takes the greater satisfaction in making consistent with previous experience that which before has only been supposed to be truth. The good thinker knows that the world of knowledge is a continuous thing. Perhaps Sidney Lanier, in the following, is playing with a word; but he also emphasises the fact that the continuity of the world of knowledge cannot be broken:

> I awoke, and there my Gossip, Midnight, stood
> Fast by my head, and there the Balsams sat
> Round about, and we talked together.
> And "Here is some news," quoth Midnight. "What is this word 'news' whereof we hear?" begged the Balsams: "What mean you by news? what thing is there which is not very old? Two neighbours in a cabin talking yesterday I heard giving and taking news; and one, for news, saith William is dead; and 'tother for news gave that a child is born at Anne's house. But what manner of people be these that call birth and death new? Birth and death were before aught else that we know was."[1]

[1] From *Poem Outlines*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The function of exposition is, primarily, to make clear, or to convey truth; and to make clear we must adapt our thought to the thought of others. This adaptation of thought to thought, this application of science and art of speech-craft, is the most delicate and subtle task which the human mind is called upon to achieve. The task is best performed by means of the use of the system of communication which we call language, a system which we have, by signalling, as it were, to each other from our separate scenic circles or panoramas, been able to agree upon as symbolising the thought of each and all of us.

Since to convey truth is the function of exposition, it follows that the exposition of most value is that which conveys truths of the greatest value. But what are truths of the greatest value? Those truths which contain in themselves the most of history (though not history in the most common sense of the word) are the most valuable. Those truths are the most historic, in the sense in which we are using the word here, which suggest or reveal most of the past and suggest most of the future of the object or idea to which they appertain. And where do we find the most valuable truths? In the pages of literature, in the main. But what is literature? We cannot be sure that any writing is literature until we can apply to it the tri-dimensional test of length and breadth and depth, or, to put it more simply, the test of time and space and power. That which is so effectively written that it appeals to readers for a long time, and to many of them, and moves them strongly, is literature. This is not generally the case in either science or

history. Science is reduction; its ideal is a mathematical formula; and mathematical formulas do not appeal very widely nor move very powerfully, however permanent they may appear in their application. History is, largely, a transcript of fact; its ideal may almost be said to be mathematical, also. Yet when science and history are so effectively presented that they appeal permanently to many people, and the appeal is one that moves powerfully, then science and history become literature,— witness Darwin and Huxley, Gibbon and Motley. In the main, then, with but few exceptions, the most valuable truths have been best and most lastingly conveyed to men, not through the medium of *technical* historical and scientific writings, but through those writings which are universally accepted as a part of literature. And why? The answer lies in some powerful sentences written by John Galsworthy:

> Art is the one form of human energy in the whole world which really works for union and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement, however fleeting, of oneself by another; the real cement of human life; the everlasting refreshment and renewal. For what is grievous, dompting, grim, about our lives, is that we are shut up within ourselves, with an itch to get outside ourselves. And to be stolen away from ourselves by art is a momentary relaxation from that itching, a minute's profound and, as it were, secret, enfranchisement. The active amusements and relaxations of life can only rest certain ones of our faculties by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self which comes through rapt contemplation of nature or of art.

That is Galsworthy's interpretation of the way to enlarge our panoramas of experience, his view of the movement towards enfranchisement of the human spirit. We instantly recognise its truth; yet his statement does not contain the whole truth. While rapt contemplation of nature and of art do enfranchise the human spirit, the general advance of that spirit is due also to social service. The greatest truths are those which both "rest" us and aid in the growth of socially helpful activity. The best expositions, therefore, are those which most effectively present to us truths with the two-fold power of affording a refuge and an inspiration. History, science, philosophy, even journalism, popular and technical, should be both a sanctuary and a forum.

VII

SOME USEFUL APHORISMS

Thinking with pen in hand, if it does no other good, keeps the mind from staggering about.

GOETHE.

One who has a tolerably clear head and a decent conscience and who is willing to give himself the necessary trouble, may obtain clearness in exposition.

HUXLEY.

Style will find readers and shape convictions, while mere truth gathers dust on the shelf.

LOWELL.

Style is the incarnation of thought.

WORDSWORTH.

He who would write anything worthy to be called style must first grow thoughts which are worth communicating, and then he must deliver them in his own natural language.

EARLE.

A sentence should read as if its author, had he held a plough instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end.

THOREAU.

Beautiful words are the light of thought.

LONGINUS.

Adequation to truth; that is beauty. CROCE.

Verbosity is the deadliest and most degrading of literary sins.

HUXLEY.

If there is a moral in the subject it will appear, and the writer has nothing to consider but the effective and artistic treatment of his subject; if he has as high a soul as Sophocles, his influence will always be moral, let him do whatever he will.

GOETHE.

I keep six honest serving-men,
(They taught me all I knew):—
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.

KIPLING.

Gently make haste; of labour not afraid.
A hundred times consider what you've said.
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,

And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

DRYDEN.

Men's thoughts and opinions are in great degree vassals of him who invents a new phrase or re-applies an old epithet.

KEATS.

The three objects of intellect: the true, the beautiful, and the beneficial.

The three foundations of wisdom: youth, to acquire learning; memory, to retain learning; and genius, to illustrate learning.

TRIADS OF WISDOM.

The three requisites of poetical genius: an eye, that can see nature; a heart, that can feel nature; and a resolution, that dares follow nature.

The three dignities of poetry: the union of the true and the wonderful; the union of the beautiful and wise; and the union of art and nature.

TRIADS OF POETRY.

That which distinguishes the educated man from him who is not educated is that the former uses words accurately.

The fundamental law of writing is that the words employed shall be such words as will convey to the reader the meaning that is in the mind of the writer.

The most concise style is that which most rapidly transmits the sense intended.

Assignments and selections for analysis will be found at the ends of succeeding chapters; also, Chapter VIII is given up entirely to assignments and selections.

CHAPTER II

Definition

I

what it is

The honest writer desires to show, with the greatest possible degree of accuracy, the meaning of the subject under consideration. He is usually more fully assured of gaining accuracy by the direct than by the indirect method of exposition, because definition and logical analysis are certain to convey an accuracy in detail which the indirect method by means of narration and description might fail to convey, if the reader, however discerning in other ways, is lacking in imagination. A general interpretation or view might turn out to be inaccurate in detail, and hence be subject to discredit. The writer who is chiefly anxious for accuracy may be willing to sacrifice the force of the indirect method for the logic of the direct. It is, of course, true that logic is often more forceful than analogy. Perhaps it should always be more so, but this is not the case, because many readers are more appealed to through perception than through logic.

The means by which the logical or direct method proceeds are definition and analysis. Definition and analysis are inseparable, definition depending upon

previous or accompanying analysis and analysis presupposing some definition of terms. While an exposition usually begins with definition, yet no definition is ever possible without some previous analysis, though the analysis is not always present and explicitly stated.

Although we are not always conscious of it, yet we are constantly attempting to make a system of our experience and to represent that process of system-making by means of language. We are constantly finding that this and that and still other things in our world of experience are closely allied with each other, and that they are all the time becoming allied with things hitherto new to us. This alliance is, to use the language of international politics, both offensive and defensive. Now, we find that we aid the rapidity and clearness of our systematising of experience by setting about each of these alliances limits that are as definite as possible. A statement of these limits we call definition. Definition is the first orderly step in the systematising of the complex of our experience. It may be termed the intensive aspect of exposition, while analysis or division, may be termed the extensive aspect of exposition.

II

ITS PURPOSE AND KINDS

Definition is the most difficult part of any science. The function of definition is to tell the whole truth within the narrowest possible limits consistent with bringing about the impression of the whole truth

upon the mind of the reader. Sometimes the immediate purpose of a definition is to make it possible to identify an object or one of a class of objects named by the term defined. For example, a periscope may be defined as "an instrument consisting of a revolving prism capable of reflecting down a vertical tube the rays from any part of the horizon." Then sometimes the purpose of a definition is to lead us to use an idea always with precisely the same definite connotation. An example, and a very rigid one, would be the definition of a natural law as "a constant relation between two definite, immutable terms." Again, a definition may lead us far afield from ordinary things and ideas, into the realm of the imagination, whose boundaries are set, perhaps, only by Chaos and Old Night; as when Milton attempts to present a defining or limiting conception of a Satanic personage. Scientific analysis can hardly follow upon such defining, though logical description may. More often than by such imaginative defining as that of Milton the average reader is inspired by the careful and acute analysis of some master of the concrete way of saying things, such as Thomas Henry Huxley. In an address before a Working Men's College, Huxley said,

> That man, I think, has had a *liberal education* who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of

Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

This passage may be called logical description, for it shows comprehensively what are the parts of the thing defined, and results in a definite concept of what that thing is. It makes a list of the essential marks of the one thing, liberal education, revealing the extent to which the aggregation of qualities may be carried and making no distinction between the genus and the differentia. But since the term logical is generally applied to definitions which do consist of two parts, genus and differentia, not related in the one individual as they are related in Huxley's definition, it would be better to call his an analytical definition than to call it logical description.

There are three general classes of definitions,— (1) the logical, (2) the analytical and (3) the constructional, or synthetic.

A *logical* definition always has two parts to its predicate, the two differing in kind from one another, one part naming the higher class or genus to which the individual or species which is being defined belongs, the other naming the specific difference which sets apart the given individual or species from others of the same genus. For example. "Taxes are portions of private property which a government takes for its public purposes." In this definition "portions of private prop-

erty" declares the genus, and "which a government takes for its public purposes" declares the differentia.

An *analytical* definition, as we said above in relation to the definition from Huxley, attempts to state all the essential marks which belong to the thing defined, not distinguishing between them in any definite way. For example, though in a serio-comic way, and by the device of rhetorical contrast, Bernard Shaw defines his contemporaries by making an extensive list of the things which characterise them, as follows:

> They are not beautiful; they are only decorated. They are not clean; they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified; they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pew renters. They are not moral: they are only conventional. . . . They are not prosperous: they are only rich. They are not loyal: they are only servile; not dutiful, only sheepish; not public-spirited, only patriotic; not courageous, only quarrelsome; not determined, only obstinate; not masterful, only domineering; not self-controlled, only obtuse; not self-respecting, only vain; not kind, only sentimental; not social, only gregarious; not considerate, only polite; not intelligent, only opinionated; not progressive, only factious; not imaginative, only superstitious; not just, only vindictive; not generous, only propitiatory; not disciplined, only cowed; and not truthful at all.

A *constructional* or synthetic definition neither expresses the relation of genus and differentia nor does it give a merely aggregated list of qualities or parts of the thing defined; but it defines the term by showing how it is built up or constructed, how it or its meaning came

to be, how the concept of the thing defined came into existence out of other concepts already known or now better known. For example, the term Culture has been thus defined: "But what do we mean by this fine word Culture, so much in vogue at present? What the Greeks naturally expressed by their παιδεία, the Romans by their *humanitas,* we less happily try to express by the more artificial word Culture. The use of it in its present sense is, as far as I know, recent in our language, forced upon us, I suppose, by the German talk about 'Bildung.' And the shifts we have been put to, to render that German word, seem to show that the thing with us is something of an exotic, rather than native to the soil. When applied to the human being, it means, I suppose, the 'educing or drawing forth of all that is potentially in a man,' the training all the energies and capacities of his being to the highest pitch, and directing them to their true ends."

III

DIVISION AND ILLUSTRATION OF THE KINDS OF DEFINITION

Each of the kinds of definition, logical, analytical, and constructional, may be divided into lesser kinds. These lesser kinds are of two sorts, and each of these two may be subdivided into two classes. The first of the groups into which logical, and analytical, and synthetic definitions may be divided is based upon the number of concepts or things designated by the terms

defined. Such definitions are either *Singular* or *Universal.* The second of the groups is based upon the adequacy of the definition, that is to say, upon whether the subject and the predicate of the sentence making the definition are precisely equal to each other, or, to put it mechanically, whether subject and predicate may interchange position in the sentence without altering the meaning of the sentence. Such definitions are either *perfect* (complete) or *imperfect* (incomplete).

A definition is singular when it refers to only one thing or, we may say, when a demonstrative may be employed to modify the word naming the thing defined (using the term "thing" to mean either word or objective reality named by word). Such definitions are usually descriptive, as "This family council is an electrical storm." Yet the definition is not pictorial alone, it is interpretative also; a metaphor is always meant to be an interpretation. The following lines, though, perhaps, intended to describe a condition of the spirit, might well serve for a setting of limits about the general condition of advanced age,—

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

It is not possible to confine the terms description and definition to mutually exclusive uses. Human thought is too live and resilient to be restricted within such narrow lines. These terms, therefore, have, when distinguished, a more or less artificial application. But it is comforting to remember that it is not alone in

logic and rhetoric that names are artificially applied. Artificial naming and loose classification occur in the biological sciences, in spite of the constant application of genus and differentia in logical definitions, and they occur even in the mathematical sciences, too. It is highly suggestive and interesting to know that the inventor of the term "gas" when pressed to explain why he had chosen that name, confessed that he had had but vaguely in mind the word "chaos"!

Naming and classifying depend often upon the purpose and upon the point of view, fully as much as they depend upon the nature of the things named and classified. It would hardly be common-sensible to deny any one the right to use the name descriptive, or definitive, or descriptive-definitive, for the following,—

> The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things.
>
> SHIRLEY.

> God is the perfect poet
> Who in his person acts his own creations.
>
> BROWNING.

A universal definition is one that applies to a whole group or class. Universal definitions are apt to be rather inaccurate. When Matthew Arnold says,

> A wanderer is man from his birth,

he utters a statement which is rather descriptive than strictly defining. If it is considered as a definition, of course it is a universal one. It sets the limits or places the boundaries about a term which is used as the name of a group of beings, each of which beings has a great

deal in common with all the rest within the group; so much in common and yet all so much unlike all in other groups of beings that we say they all belong to the same class,— man. The definition is very much lacking in completeness, for man is many other things than a wanderer from his birth.

" Rust is a form of the process called oxidation,— its presentation is assimilated to a general process, which is of the same kind as occurs when a candle burns, an explosion occurs, or in the physiological function of respiration." This is a definition which is immensely rich and suggestive, but possibly too universal for the unscientific-minded reader, at least. Like all constructional definitions, it is not for the hurried reader or the uninstructed one. Perhaps a better definition of rust for such persons would be one in the singular form, such as, " This red, or orange yellow, coating which is formed on the surface of iron when exposed to air or moisture, is rust."

" A state is the many rising to the completer life of one," is a universal definition,— and it is an excellent one. It is excellent, not so much in that it approximates stating what many states are, or have been, but in that it states what they all ought to be. It is clear, it is interesting, it is highly ethical. Such class terms as " state " readily admit of the universal form of definition. In this instance the definition sets forth the class or type, in both senses of the term " type,"— as something representative of a class and as something representing the ideal toward which all in the class tend to rise.

From the definitions which have been given, it should not be inferred that universal definitions are those of abstract terms alone. An actually existing individual may be taken as representative of its class, and one may, by writing of that individual, explain the class as a whole. In the instance given below, Ruskin used an individual thing to make clear the nature and functions of many of the same kind or type. He walked into his lecture room at Oxford University, held up a small piece of china, and said,

"I have here in my hand one of the simplest possible examples of the union of the graphic and constructive powers . . . one of my breakfast plates. Since all the finely architectural arts . . . began in the shaping of the cup and platter, we will begin, ourselves, with the platter.

"Why has it been made round? For two structural reasons: first, that the greatest holding surface may be gathered into the smallest space; and secondly, that in being pushed past other things on the table, it may come in least contact with them.

"Next, why has it a rim? For two other structural reasons: first, that it is convenient to put salt or mustard upon; but secondly and chiefly, that the plate may be easily laid hold of. The rim is the simplest form of continuous handle.

"Further, to keep it from soiling the cloth, it will be wise to put this ridge beneath, round the bottom; for as the rim is the simplest form of continuous handle, so this is the simplest form of continuous leg. . . .

"Thus far our art has been strictly utilitarian, having respect to conditions of collision, of carriage, and of support. But now, on the surface of our piece of pottery, here are various bands and spots of colour which are presumably set there to make it pleasanter to the eye. Six of the spots

seen closely, you discover are intended to represent flowers. These then have as distinctly a graphic purpose as the other properties of the plate have an architectural one, and the first critical question we have to ask of them, is whether they are like roses or not, etc., etc., etc."

In addition to being classified as singular and universal, definitions may be classified as perfect and imperfect definitions. As we have said above, the division into singular and universal is based upon the number of things or units designated by the term defined. Now, the same definition, whether singular or universal, may be considered as perfect or imperfect, the test being whether or not the two general parts of the definition may be interchanged with no change of meaning. A perfect definition is one the subject of which and that which is said of the subject are interchangeable in position in the defining sentence without alteration of the meaning of the sentence. For example, a circle, whether we define it as a perfectly rounded figure or as a "plane figure bounded by a curved line every point of which is equally distant from the centre of the figure," provides a definition in which the subject and the predicate are interchangeable without affecting the meaning. "A plane figure bounded by a curved line every point of which is equally distant from the centre of the figure is a circle," means precisely the same as does "A circle is a plane figure bounded by, etc." Not that one form of statement is as adequate as the other, so far as apprehension by the mind is concerned; for there is no doubt that the average mind grasps much more readily the first form of statement. The natural order of appre-

hending thoughts is to us the same as that of communicating thought, namely, "subject" first and "predicate" second.

An imperfect definition is one in which the subject and that which is predicated of the subject are not precisely equal to the same thing and, on that account, equal to each other. In an imperfect definition we cannot interchange the positions of subject and predicate in the defining sentence without at least shifting the point of view to such an extent that the suggestions of the sense may be altered. Obviously Sir T. Herbert's statement that the Dodo is "A Bird which for shape and rareness might be call'd a Phœnix (wer 't in Arabia)" is an imperfect definition. A definition committed to memory by many thousands to the effect that "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth," is an imperfect definition, for as soon as the term "God" is placed in the predicate the definition is seen to be inadequate, for subject and predicate are not exactly equal. The definition is but an approximate one, as was the definition of his contemporaries already quoted from Bernard Shaw.

Besides considering a definition perfect or complete when the words that form its subject and the words that form its predicate may be interchanged without change of meaning, we may consider a definition as perfect or complete when anything added to the predicate adds nothing to the essential meaning of the statement. Additions may add to the ease and fulness of apprehension of the meaning by one who hears or reads the sentence;

but no additions or qualifications can add to the meaning itself. An imperfect or incomplete definition, however, contains a predicate which requires qualification of some sort in order that the meaning may be fully stated. "Words are wild and weak," is not a perfect or complete definition, because there is no distinctive pointing out that, or how, words as wild and weak things differ from other things that are wild and weak. Fewer practices in human speech are more common than attempts to give all-inclusive and conclusive limits to a concept by statements of partial aspects of the thing defined, one after another, the writer hoping by summation of them all to approximate completeness of definition. Practically all definitions outside the mathematical sciences content themselves with but partial approximation, and some do even in those sciences. All human experience is limited, even in applied mechanics; hence the results are only approximations.

Definitions that are perfect or complete are not often very useful except in certain scientific pursuits, and even in science they often restrict the outlook of the scientist. The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines architecture as the "science of building." Ruskin defines it as "the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure." The opening sentence in the Introduction to Hamlin's *History of Architecture* is "A History of Architecture is a record of man's efforts to build beautifully," from which we may infer a definition of architecture to be "the result of man's efforts to build beautifully." No one of these

definitions is complete, yet each is excellent for its purpose. Each is determined by the view-point of the writer and by the probable nature and needs of those for whom each definition is penned.

Which shall we say is the better definition of Nature, that in the dictionary just mentioned, or that contained in the inscription upon the Egyptian temple of Isis? The first is "physical power causing phenomena of the material world,— these phenomena as a whole"; the second definition is contained in the affirmation, "I am all that is, and that was, and that shall be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil." Which of the two is the more simple, the more subtle, the more sublime in its truth? And, again, of what does truth, after all, consist? Of what does truth, the goal of all exposition, consist? It consists of a certain relation of concepts to each other,— not of relations of things, but of concepts, to each other.

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things . . . and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us; where broods radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
Shall favour: chance — for hitherto your sage,
Even as he knows not how those beams are born,
As little knows he what unlocks their fount:
And men have oft grown old among their books
To die case-hardened in their ignorance,
Whose careless youth had promised what long years

Of unremitted labour ne'er performed:
While, contrary, it has chanced, some idle day,
To autumn loiterers just as fancy-free
As the midges in the sun, gives birth at last
To truth — produced mysteriously as cape
Of cloud grown out of the invisible air.
Hence may not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest? some slight film
The interposing bar which binds the soul
And makes the idiot, just as makes the sage
Some film removed, the happy outlet whence
Truth issues proudly.

Such analysis as this by Browning is clear, interesting, and of high social value, to one who thinks. It also emphasises the statement frequently made even by scientists themselves, that many times what are noised abroad as great discoveries are made by sheer accident.

An interesting definition by the approximation method occurs in Alfred Austin's *Lucifer*. Abdiel defines a philosopher, then in a summary way turns the accumulated statements into a definition of philosophy.

ABDIEL

.....
The purple of the mountain robes his mind;
He's a philosopher.

EVE

And what is that?

ABDIEL

A houseless stranger in a well-roofed world,
A whimsical refuser of man's needs,
A system-seeker in a round of chaos,
A palimpsest of wisdom,— O so wise

> That all our wants are folly, all our passions
> Mere matter for conclusions. To despise
> What others cherish,— that's philosophy.

Nearly all definitions, let us repeat, are imperfect, for the predicate in nearly all of them is more or less deficient. It should be remembered, also, that imperfect and singular definitions should not be confused. A singular definition is one that has as its subject an individual of some sort, whether the predicate be complete or partial. Of course, in ultimate reality there are no such things as classes as opposed positively to individuals. Every separate thing is unique and cannot be placed in precisely the same category with any other thing whatever. There are no such things as classes; and yet we have come to believe that to think is to associate things, and therefore in our thinking a rough sort of classification is necessary to us.

The obvious reason for the incompleteness of the definitions of many terms is that the mind has not yet compassed the limits of the things defined. There are many things the differentia of which we do not know in their entirety. Who would undertake to define the term "time" in all the fulness of its essential differences from other things, even from other things in the class of Kantian "categories"? We have an abundant number of definitions of time, but the nature and content of these definitions are determined rather by the purposes of the writers than by the essential character of the thing under process of definition. I take up three books. One is the first volume of Edward Caird's

The Critical Philosophy of Kant, one is *The Concise Oxford Dictionary,* the third is a volume of selected poems. In the first book I read, from page 264, that time is an *a priori* form of perception; in the second book that time is continued existence; and in the third, that

> Even such is time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us back with age and dust;
> Who, in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days.
>
> SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The view-points of the writers have made these definitions differ as they do.

More often than for any other reason, definitions are imperfect simply because they fail to state the differentia that might easily be discovered and stated. A good logical definition is commonly said to be one that (1) states the genus or class to which that belongs which is named by the term being defined, and (2) states the differentia, or the way or ways in which the thing named differs from other things of the same genus or class: as, "A square is a plane figure having four equal sides and four right angles"; or, "Deduction is a method of thinking in which a general or inclusive fact, or principle or conclusion, is stated first, followed by particular arguments, details, or facts by which it is established or explained." But when Mr. Chesterton remarks that the definition of a law is "something that can be broken," he is not only speaking ambiguously

but he also fails to show how law differs from other things of its genus.

IV

THE DIRECT AND INDIRECT METHODS OF EXPOSITION IN DEFINITION

The popular notion of a definition is that it is as concise and direct as the explanation of a word in an abridged dictionary. But if to define means to point out the limits which are set about what is being defined, then a definition may be something quite lengthy and, it may be, very indirect and, perhaps, even inconclusive. Furthermore, that which is to be defined is often something more far-reaching than a single clause can name. The content of what is to have limits set about it, or of what is to indicate the limits that are already set about it, is too rich and too full of suggestion to be encompassed by naming with one clause. Such things require a good deal of either analysis or analogical symbolising to make clear in the mind of the reader, or even of the writer, precisely what boundaries are about them.

John Ruskin, for example, when, in *Unto This Last,* he wishes to define the true functions of the merchant in society, finds it necessary to begin to set the boundaries about those functions by a rather long process of analysis, much of it being exclusion,— thus:

If all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honour

preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed always to act selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbour (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for the law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and the seller's to cheat,— the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him forever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy as the hero of the "Excursion" from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in rather than in the business of talking to men, or slaying them: that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss: — that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the public; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have — in the final issue, must have — and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognising what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, the people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed — three exist necessarily, in every civilised nation:

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's, to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant — What is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us, For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

The same author in his lecture on "Traffic" in *The Crown of Wild Olive,* wishes to define a certain ideal of human life. He is descriptive in his method, as follows:

Your ideal of human life, then, is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately sized park; a large garden and hot-houses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favoured votaries of the Goddess of Getting-on: the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; he always to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with one steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

Definitions are often reached by telling what things do as well as by explicitly stating what their essential nature is. Ruskin, again, by an expository narrative makes clear to what lengths the daily delight of the landscape sketcher extends itself. In *Praeterita* he writes,—

You put your lunch in your pocket, and set out, any fine morning, sure that, unless by a mischance which needn't be calculated on, the forenoon, and the evening too, would be fine. You chose two subjects handily near each other, one for A. M., the other for P. M.; you sat down on the grass where you liked, worked for two or three hours serenely, with the blue shining through the stems of the trees like painted glass, and not a leaf stirring; the grass-hoppers singing; flies sometimes a little

troublesome,— ants, also, it might be. Then you ate your lunch — lounged a little after it — perhaps fell asleep in the shade, woke in a dream of whatever you liked best to dream of — set to work on the afternoon sketch — did as much as you could before the glow of sunset began to make everything beautiful beyond painting; you meditated a while over that impossible, put up your paints and book, and walked home, proud of your day's work, and peaceful for its future, to supper. This is neither fancy — nor exaggeration. I have myself spent thousands of days thus in my forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870.

V

SUMMARY

There are three general classes of definitions,— (1) the logical, (2) the analytical, and (3) the constructional or synthetic.

A logical definition has two parts to its predicate, the one part stating the genus of what is defined, the other stating the differentia.

An Analytical definition attempts to state all the essential marks belonging to what is defined, not distinguishing between the marks in any way.

A Constructional or synthetic definition may both state the genus and differentia and give an aggregated list of the qualities or parts of what is defined, but it chiefly shows how what is defined is built up, how it came to be or how its meaning came to be,— in other words, how the concept of that which is defined came into existence from other concepts already known.

Any one of these three kinds of definitions may be

(a) singular or (b) universal, and it may be (a) perfect or (b) imperfect.

A definition is Singular when it refers to only one thing, or when a demonstrative may be employed to modify the word naming the thing defined.

A definition is Universal when it applies to a whole group or class of things. It is much more likely to be inaccurate than is a singular definition.

A definition is Perfect when in the sentence composing the definition the subject and predicate can be interchanged without altering the meaning of the sentence. For practical purposes, however, a definition may be considered perfect when anything added to the predicate adds nothing to the essential meaning of the statement. In a world of ideal knowledge, a perfect definition would be one which would be so stated that the thought of it would conform precisely to the object of its thought.

A definition is Imperfect when the interchange of position of subject and predicate alters the meaning of the statement, or, when additions to the predicate would not merely aid in the apprehension of the meaning but would add to the meaning itself.

VI

DEFINITIONS FOR CLASSIFICATION

1. Favourite,— A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

2. A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style,

that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new, and incapable of growing old.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

3. A book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

JOHN RUSKIN.

4. For fashion in letter-writing, it consists of four things which are qualities of your style, Brevity, Perspicuity, Vigour, Discretion. BEN JONSON.

5. What is your life? It is even as vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

BIBLE.

6. The Unknowable is not a term of negation employed only to express our ignorance; but it means that Infinite Reality, that Inscrutable Cause, of which the universe is but a manifestation, and which has an ever present disclosure in human consciousness.

HERBERT SPENCER.

7. Literature is the autobiography of mankind.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

8. Cirroteuthidae,— A family of octopod cephalopods, represented by the genus *Cirroteuthis,* with a rather long body, provided with short lateral fins (one on each side) supported by internal cartilage, and arms united nearly to the tip by a broad umbrellar web.

CENTURY DICTIONARY.

9. What, then, constitutes a Nation . . . ? The elements that go to constitute a Nation are many, and all must be present to form nationality. These elements are: an unchallenged possession of the country from which a people derive their national name; a common attachment to the political and social system that they have created or that has descended to them; a belief in their own strength and invincibility; a common language — one language that is the universal means of communication between the people no matter how widely they are separated, which is alone officially recognised in courts and legislatures; a spirit that animates

men to strive for the advancement and higher development of themselves and their country and to see in such development their own advantage; a universality of religion that makes religion a matter of conscience between man and man and not under control of the state; a literature that is truly national,— *i.e.,* that is based on heroic achievement or a struggle in defence of an ideal, or to widen an idealistic conception; a dominant virility that enables people by imposing their own civilisation to absorb and assimilate into themselves aborigines and aliens so that they become a part of, and do not remain apart from, the dominant race; uniform — it might almost be termed a stereotyped — code of morals and manners; so that in language as in thought, men find the same forms of expression, and expression finds the same form of action.

A. Maurice Low.

10. All style is gesture, the gesture of the mind and of the soul.

Walter Raleigh.

11. Colour is a spirit upon things, by which they become expressive to the spirit.

Walter Pater.

12. The sovereign poem is a painting of the universe.

Muzio.

CHAPTER III

The Mind and the Subject

I

DISTINGUISHING AND ORGANISING

We have said that we cause other persons to have approximately the same ideas as we have, signalling to them within their panoramas of experience by means of the symbols which, taken together, we call language. But, we are forced to ask, how do we manage to get our ideas accurately symbolised by means of language? We do not get them symbolised with perfect accuracy. But we may come very near doing so. The process by which we do so is two-fold. It is a process, first, of distinguishing, and, second, of organising.

The power to distinguish is that which sets apart the thinking person from him who does not think. William James has said that the first sensation of the child is a sensation of the universe. Of course the universe in that sensation includes the child itself. After this first sensation comes the distinguishing of the world as something that is not the child's self. The universe, at first "one big, blooming, buzzing confusion," an "undifferentiated sensory continuum," at a very early stage has that much of its content distinguished. With the child,

as later with the man, there must be less of falsity in his interpretation of his experience than he can express in any way. In fact, throughout the whole of our lives, we instinctively accord much more importance to experience than to expression as something truthful, simply because it is through accurate interpretation of experience to ourselves rather than to others that we are enabled to obey the primal law of self-preservation. Occasions upon which we find it necessary to employ the means of conveying to others the knowledge which we have acquired are less frequent than the occasions upon which we find it necessary to react to our more self-centred experiences.

The chief difficulty in the way of organising our ideas in such manner that we may accurately express them for the impression of others, lies in the fact that an idea has, because of the complex growth of our system of communication, now come to possess at least two aspects. An idea is both (1) a state of mind and (2) a reference to a particular objective experience. If it is considered as a state of mind, then we understand that the idea is largely an individual matter. But if it is a reference to a particular objective experience, then we understand that the idea has a fairly definite meaning which has been accorded to it by convention, through the code of signals,— language. The power of this code of signals is more far-reaching than we are usually inclined to think. For example, I may have a state of mind which, if expressed to myself in words, might be in the form of a metaphor, such as " Shakespeare was a man who knew what to leave on the type-writer ribbon."

Now as a reference to a particular experience intended to be conveyed to others, this form of affirmation would never do; for convention would be sure to set some banal critic, even in this enlightened day, into an uproar against anachronisms, with all sorts of foolish evidence about goose-quills and ink-stands and dates of inventions.

Suppose we have the impulse to convey to others and impress them with what we think an important "state of mind" which we have found to have been enlarging itself in our experience. Perhaps it is a conviction of the superiority of the plays of Shakespeare in certain definite respects over those of the present time,— say, in speed of movement and in arrangement the plays of Shakespeare appear to us to have been produced by one worthy to be called the master of all those who write. The problem would be how best to translate this state of mind into particular references, how best to use the code of signals we call language; how, delicately and yet energetically, by means of that code, to adjust our experience to the experience of others. We have had all sorts of experiences with plays, both Elizabethan and modern. We possess numerous standards of literary and stage criticism, many and varied appreciations of life, all sorts of knowledge of audiences, and the like. How shall all this experience be made into so harmonious and symmetrical a message that it may readily be understood by others? How shall it be so finely adjusted to the convictions of another that he may give it a reasoned consideration? How shall it be so energetically propelled that it may pierce deep into the

consciousness of the reader and, because of the fine adjustment to his convictions, find permanent lodgment there?

Bernard Bosanquet suggests a figure which may aid us in understanding this process of so handling our world experience that its separated yet related parts become fused into one synthetic whole. Suppose we take many pieces of lead and melt them down in a ladle. "At first the pieces lie all about, rigid and out of contact; but as they begin to be fused, a fluid system is formed in which they give up their rigidity and independence and enter into the closest possible contact, so that their movements and position determine each other." Such is the case in the matter of all these bits of detached experience gained in connection with Shakespearean and other plays. They are bits, rigid and unrelated excepting in so far as we recognise that they have all come from observation of some system of things which we call our experience of life. Now, just what shall be the process by means of which we may get these bits of experience to give up their rigidity and become fused into a definite system of relations, a system in which "their movements and position determine each other"? I have quoted this clause again in order that the word "determine" may have emphasis. These bits of experience do determine each other, because experience, and language, too,— are vital things; they have life, and, as Plato teaches in the *Phædrus,* they function in an organic system.

Well, the fact is that we do not know exactly how this fusion is accomplished. After all that psychologi-

cal study has discovered no more can be said than that, if the mind attends closely enough (how close "closely enough" is, though, we do not know), to the subject of its thought, somehow the parts of the subject begin to assume their seemingly true place and power in the body of discourse which we call the "treatment" of the subject. The mind *is* a sort of ladle into which experience has come, bit by bit; and it is the shaping power of the imagination that is the fire which causes these bits to fuse into one picture or one logical structure. Remember that it is erroneous to think that the imagination is in its working pictorial only. Occasionally it does flash forth with a light more than that of the common day, in such a formula, for example, as in the lines in which we are told that the daffodil comes before the swallow dares and "takes the winds of March with beauty." But most of us have to abjure such

> "dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
> That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence";

for our imaginations, as a rule, are adapted to setting forth truth in none but "reason's garb,"— that is to say, in a structure that is logical in relation to fact as well as in relation to form.

II

REQUISITES TO DISTINGUISHING AND ORGANISING

In order to distinguish elements of experience from each other and in order to organise effectively those ele-

ments when distinguished, it is necessary that a writer have (1) power of concentration, (2) imagination, (3) sympathy with other minds and (4) willingness to take trouble in adapting the work of his mind to the needs and desires of other minds.

The first of these requisites, the power of *concentration:* — This power of concentration is of little worth unless there is an adequate and worth-while stimulus from experience to call it into action. Many young writers are too readily discouraged because of the woolgathering which they find their minds prone to do instead of sticking to the subject in hand. The reason for such scattering of attention is generally due to the fact that the writer has not had sufficient experience to enrich the subject in hand, and thus his mind wanders to other subjects and to experiences unrelated to the subject he wishes to write upon. An inexperienced writer is usually one who is not merely inexperienced in the craft of composition, but is inexperienced in life as well. When abundant experience fills the life, there is not often much difficulty in concentrating upon one subject.

First comes the stimulus from experience, and then comes that attitude of tense expectancy which may best be termed concentration. Many have maintained with Plato (in his dialogue entitled *Ion*) that the stimulus to concentration upon a subject in any art comes by inspiration. But what inspiration is, beyond being a highly vitalised inward impulse to the act of expression, no one knows. Mr. Alfred Sutro, the play-wright, thinks the impulse to play-making, at least, is not a matter of inspiration. He says, " In play-making there

is no such thing as inspiration. A successful play is a question merely of industry and knowledge. Any underlying idea it may contain is the result of subconscious forces, of all the things you have observed, and taken in, and digested. It is the utmost blossom of constant endeavour. Every play-wright walks about for weeks, concentrating upon an idea before he gets one. Then suddenly one comes, the direct result of combinations of past experiences. People call that inspiration. It is not."

Of course, we do not know whether it is or not. Mr. Sutro has not defined inspiration for us. He seems to be quarrelling a little with names; furthermore, "concentrating upon an idea before he gets one" isn't the clearest language in all the world, nor, whatever the language may be taken to mean, is it easy to see how such concentrating upon an uncaptured thing can be done. Doubtless, however, "concentration" does designate better than "inspiration" the condition of mind which sets us upon the track of an idea worth the imagination expending its energy upon. Mr. Sutro evidently is attempting to describe that attitude of *tense expectancy* and desire, that attitude of anxious "keyed-up-ness" which we feel when we are searching for a cue; an attitude that ends in the flashing into the mind of an idea, as we call it, meaning by "an idea" a *definite state of mind which can be put into a formula.*

Having, by concentration, achieved the capture of an idea, the mind proceeds, now through its imaginative function, to concentrate itself upon the captured idea or subject. We now "attend to the subject," and a tense

attention results in the subject separating itself before the concentrated gaze of the mind into its constituent parts. The subject came as an idea, by the falling together of the ends of many experiences; it now separates itself into its elements, so that we may select from those elements the ones that are best adapted to our purpose of conveying information or interpretation to others.

Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh* suggests the *beginnings* of the task of writing as follows:

He did not understand that if he waited and listened and observed, another idea of some kind would probably occur to him some day, and that the development of this would in its turn suggest still further ones. He did not yet know that the very worst way of getting hold of ideas is to go hunting expressly after them. The way to get them is to study something of which one is fond, and to note down whatever crosses one's mind in reference to it, either during study or relaxation, in a little note-book kept always in the waistcoat pocket. He has come to know all about this now, but it took him a long time to find it out, for this is not the kind of thing that is taught at schools and universities.

Nor yet did he know that ideas, no less than the living beings in whose minds they arise, must be begotten by parents not very unlike themselves, the most original still differing but slightly from the parents that have given rise to them. Life is like a fungus, everything must grow out of the subject and there must be nothing new. Nor, again, did he see how hard it is to say where one idea ends and another begins, nor yet how closely this is paralleled in the difficulty of saying where a life begins or ends, or an action, or indeed anything, there being a unity in spite of infinite multitude, and an infinite multitude in spite of unity. He thought that ideas came into clever people's

heads by a kind of spontaneous germination, without parentage in the thoughts of others or the course of observation; for as yet he believed in genius; of which he well knew he had none, if it was the frenzied thing he thought it was.

In these days when the writer is successful only when he engages himself in getting hold of the reader's attention, and absorbing that attention in a pleasing manner, it is necessary that the writer be a man of *imagination.* The imaginative elements of language are needed to-day to free the mind from the purely mechanical grooves and dogmas of science as much as they were ever before needed to free the mind from mediæval superstition. The high worth of imaginative presentation is forcefully recognised by some writers of other things than mere literature. A passage from James Anthony Froude's *Cæsar* is in point—"Irrespective of the direct teaching which we may gather from them, particular epochs in history have the charm for us which dramas have—periods when the great actors on the stage of life stand before us with *the distinctness with which they appear in the creations of the poet.*" The historian makes it very evident that the ideal for the recorder of the facts of human history is to make those facts stand out as distinctly as the poet makes his fictions appear.

But the imagination, as we understand it to-day, is not only the picture-making, not only the metaphor-making power of the mind; it is also the structure-making, the building or constructing power of the mind. Of course, to make a picture in words is a constructive act; it is an act of building. But we mean here that not

only does the work of the imagination consist in conceiving of an analogy, a picture, which will convey the idea in mind, but that this work consists also in putting into form that picture; that it consists in logically composing the discourse needed to convey the picture and the idea. The imagination is not merely a power that happily furnishes the mind with a sudden pictorial view of an idea or a situation, but it is also a power that labours in furnishing the detail for the adequate, concrete embodying of that pictorial view.

The imagination it is that works inductively and deductively as well as by sudden flashes of something we call inspiration. In induction the imagination, or structure-making power of the mind, carefully selects each fitting fact of experience, rejecting all those that do not fit into the structure best adapted to the purpose in hand, and fittingly combines all the selected elements into a harmonious, duly proportioned whole which is to convey the one general idea or state of mind which the writer wishes to convey. Of course, the general idea will not find lodgment in the mind of the reader to whom it is transmitted unless that idea is in agreement with the ideas already resident there.

"There is only one law and only one God
For all things under the sun —
The sea and the sand, and the wind-blown soul,
And the God and the law are one.
Whatever the law and the God be named
By beings like you and me,
They speak supreme in that cosmic voice
Which men call *Harmony*." [1]

[1] *The Voice*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, in *Harper's Magazine*.

In deductive reasoning, the structure-making power of the mind begins with the consequence, and works backwards to its detailed causes; or, to put it another way, it begins with the general idea and attempts to enlarge that idea by including within it certain selected elements of experience.

In these processes of induction and deduction, we do not definitely *know* the exact action of the mind. All we know with much of assurance is, that in both of these processes, the structure-making power of the mind, by means of a concentration which we can feel to be going on, has taken the individual units of experience and has placed them in certain positions in relation to each other, so that at the end of the process the arrangement of what is expressed appears to correspond to what we call reality; and the positions of these units are not interchangeable with any others,— except, occasionally, in the case of a so-called perfect definition. Yet, since so little is known of these processes, the writer's chief concern should be to watch eagerly for the hours when this selecting and arranging power which we term the imagination will do its best work; and he should assiduously cultivate every opportunity which that power seems to demand.

The activities of the imagination, the picture-conceiving and structure-making power of the mind, when concentrated upon the subject show themselves in dividing and subdividing the subject into its elements, arranging those elements and making clear each and all of them by appropriate analogies, examples, illustrations, and applications. It is, however, the power of concentration

upon experience which is the fundamental requisite. This is the power which causes a definite idea to emerge in relation to some general subject about which, before concentration becomes active, we have been only vaguely uneasy; and it is the power which, through the functioning of the imagination, centres itself upon that idea so that the idea or subject expands in the mind into a structural whole with many functional parts,— a structural whole with unity of purpose, unity of form, unity of substance.[1]

Only a little less fundamental than this power of concentration are these two things: (1) *sympathy* with other minds, and (2) *willingness to take the trouble* to adapt our experience to other minds,— even those that are unsympathetic. To have sympathy, to take trouble, are the requisites to clearness and interest in writing about a subject which we have mastered.

We may formulate the whole matter thus: Energy of conception and delicacy in handling the conception; these comprise the whole scope of successful thinking and of successful writing. Or, it may be put another way: Experience, with careful and discriminating observation, with concentrated thinking, then definition, analysis, analogies, illustrations, applications; these are the elements of a fruitful mental life, and they are the elements of expository writing.

In analysing thus far the active relation of the mind to the subject, we have not excluded emotion. Sympathy with other minds is quite largely an emotional

[1] See page 78 for explanation of these three expressions of unity.

state. The act of tense expectancy which precedes the capture of the definite subject, will, in certain temperaments, arouse the deepest emotions. A discriminating observation, also, often, in finding outlet, is accompanied by strongly emotional states. The use of analogies and illustrations are not unseldom made more effective by the influences of emotion in their treatment. Writing that is intended to affect the emotional animal man, must be permeated with feeling as well as with intellectual concepts.

Yet a man may think and feel profoundly and not write clearly and impressively. Thought, feeling, and image are the three things which the shaping power of the imagination needs in order to precipitate an imperishable crystal. The picturing word, then, is as essential to producing literature as are feeling and thought. And fine and meaningful generalisations must not be considered to be alone the content of good exposition. While it is true that in exposition, as a science, the prime object is to reach generalisations, and to reach them clearly, yet the ability to particularise finely on the way to a generalisation is as important as the ability to make the generalisation itself. The ability to conceive, and aptly use, analogies, examples, illustrations,—the ability to state well the detail leading up to a generalisation, is an ability much to be desired.

We hear and read a great deal about realism in literature, particularly in fiction, whether prose or poetry. It is demanded of writers of to-day that they shall write so that even fictive things shall seem real, fictive events seem actual. There should be very much more of de-

mand than there is, that in historical and scientific and philosophic writing, there ought to be greater realistic relating of events and describing of things, much more of accuracy in citing the facts both of human life and of the universe objective to man. We should hear more of realism and actualism in history, in science, in metaphysics and ethics. Realistic treatment, whether of actual truth or in fiction, is dependent upon the richness of the writer's experience and the sincerity of his treatment. The effective handling of a subject is a personal matter. Plato in the *Gorgias* very pointedly ridiculed the sort of rhetoric that could be analysed in the same fashion as could the fine art of cookery or the art of empirical medicine. But there is a sense in which the highest achievements of literature, fictive or not, are due in large measure to precisely the same sort of thing as are due the greatest triumphs of the "fairy in the kitchen." The secret of the matter, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones reveals in his lecture upon "Delineation of Character in Drama," a secret that is applicable to any sort of writing: —

> Broadly, there are two different ways of painting character in drama, as there are two different ways of painting a portrait — the one is minute, realistic, individual, and aims at scientific exactness; the other is large, imaginative, inexact; the one is done by the methods of the photographer, the other is done by the methods of the oil painter; the one is done chiefly from painstaking observation and cataloguing; the other, so far as one can describe the process, is imagined from memory. Of course all great permanent characters are done by a combination of these two methods, but the delineator will lean to one or to the

other of them according to his temperament, training, and aspirations. If you ask me what is the secret of successful character painting in drama, I am unable to tell you. I suppose it is something akin to the secret of successful cooking. All cooks use much the same ingredients, but they turn out very different dinners. All dramatists deal with the same raw materials of human nature, but they turn out very different human characters. The result in each case depends much upon the training, skill, knowledge, and inspiration of the cook or the dramatist.

But it depends more largely upon a personal touch, a personal knack.

It is the personal view of the artist, his individual way of looking at character, that gives its rarest value to a human portrait.

It is the personal view and the application of personal force that makes a writer's production seem realistic, that is to say, seem sincere, in *any* field. Realism in a written product is simply the making of the things, whether human beings of the author's creation, as in drama, or whatever they may be either in fiction or in writing that is not fiction, act as freely or be as truly in the mind of the reader as they or things like them act and exist in a natural manner in the objective world.

III

BRIEF STUDIES IN THE RELATION OF MIND TO SUBJECT

1. Study Thomas Hardy, the novelist. Then see how far you can explain his craftsmanship in fiction-writing

by the training which preceded his becoming an author of fiction.

2. Account for the kinds of subject-matter chosen by Edgar Allan Poe and by Guy de Maupassant, from a study you make of the temperament of the two writers.

3. Contrast both the subject-matter and the style of Maurice Hewlett and Rudyard Kipling. Make a careful study of the relation of the material and the style to the purpose of each of these authors.

4. Account for the differences in the writing of William James and of Immanuel Kant.

5. Analyse the effect of readers upon Herbert Spencer, upon John Fiske, upon Sir Isaac Newton, upon Thomas Henry Huxley.

6. Compare the attitude of mind to subject in the case of the biography of Washington written by Jared Sparks and one written by a twentieth century biographer.

7. Study the *Othello* of Shakespeare and the *Luria* of Browning. Why do they differ as plays?

CHAPTER IV

The Methods of Analysis

I

COMPOSITION A SIMPLIFYING OF EXPERIENCE

Analysis assumes something (1) to be traced to its sources, (2) to be related to its kind, (3) to be divided into its parts, (4) to be assigned its values, and (5) to have at least suggested of it what is to be its future importance.

There is not a great deal of order in actual life; at least there is not a great deal that is clearly seen to be order, for, although causality rules all life, yet cause and effect are so vast in the complexity of their working that they do not make of life a pattern easily discernible to the human mind. Since, then, in actual life there is not much of clearly perceptible arrangement, and since no writing is good which is not well arranged, good writing, therefore, is an orderly simplifying of experience.

An exposition, like a description, is not unlike a picture. One of the reasons for the appeal of a picture being greater than the appeal of a real landscape is that the picture is simplified by having been condensed, and thus the mind becomes acquainted with the entire pur-

pose of the picture at once, while the landscape itself is so extended that the individual objects within it fix the attention first, and only synthesis by the mind can make the unity of the landscape appear. The exposition, like the picture, is the stronger in appeal when it is condensed. The real-estate salesman understands this very well indeed, and by photographic condensation he makes more interesting, spirited, and vitalised his explanation of the value of his property.

So the technical art of writing is the making of an orderly arrangement of experience. Aristotle names two laws of composition: (1) size and (2) arrangement. Now the *size,* that is, the length, of a composition is determined by two things: (a) the nature of the subject of the composition, and (b) the suggestions of attendant circumstances. It is obvious that the nature of the subject of militarism in the twentieth century will require a longer treatment than would be required by such a subject as the uses of a cherry pit. The chief attendant circumstances regulating the length of a composition are, first, the writer's skill, and second, the reader's power of taking suggestion in so far as that power of the reader is known to the writer.

The unpractised writer should always and vividly bear in mind that it is only the superlative artist who can give himself up to the play of fancy in preference to fixing his attention rigidly upon the subject and to being anxious for the adaptation of his expression of the subject itself to the needs of the reader. One like Shakespeare may follow wilful fancy; and so may Dante,— but even Dante, as he himself says, may follow

his fancy only after Virgil, his guide and master, has, on the Mount of Purgatory, said to him,—

> I, Virgil, with *skill* and *art*
> Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
> For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
> O'ercome now the straighter: Thou mayest seat thee down
> Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
> Sanction of warning voice or sign from me.

Such liberty, however, comes only after long discipline; it comes only after technique has become what we call second-nature or habit.

The *arrangement* of a composition, also, is determined by the nature of the subject of the composition and by the suggestion of circumstances. The chief circumstance governing arrangement is that idiosyncrasy of the human mind which makes it possible to be best impressed by a climactic order. Climactic order is not a mere matter of artifice. It is a characteristic of nature.

II

THE RELATION OF DEFINITION TO ANALYSIS

The chief processes of exposition are, as we have said, Definition and Analysis. Sometimes an exposition may end as soon as a good definition is reached. This is true of imaginative writing as well as of scientific writing. In fact, most of the things that can be said of the one kind of writing may be said of the other as well. It can be easily demonstrated from the history of science that the most vigorous and important scientific writing, the writ-

ing by means of which the greatest generalisations of science have been set forth, is most highly imaginative. Even the so-called practical work of the world is, in its most important aspects, the result of highly imaginative conceptions. The conception of a trans-continental railway or of an Isthmian canal or of a world-merger of oil interests, for example,— these are imaginative conceptions of a high order; they are poetic in the truest sense of the term, the sense which suggests creation, that which is done by the making or moulding power of the mind.

> Poetry is a thing of God;
> He made his prophets poets, and the more
> We feel of poesy do we become
> Like God in love and power — undermakers.

Perhaps, however, the importance of the practical imaginative conceptions is greater than the importance of the conceptions of the poet. At least the conceptions of the practical business man find actual realisation in concrete life. They are worked out. They do not stop at being mere conceptions.

It is not always true that an exposition may be complete enough for practical purposes when a good definition has been reached. It may be that to the trained mind, the mind with a fine critical discernment, the definition "Poetry is the dreams of them that are awake" is sufficient exposition. At least it is likely to furnish food for a vigorous mind's thought. But some definitions need some of their own terms defined; and others need the point of view of their writers explained.

Such a definition as "Poetry is the language of a state of crisis" is itself in need of elucidation; the definition is not of sufficient scope, to many minds, because an exposition of the term "crisis" is needed. The definition that "Poetry is love talking musically" is, to any analytic mind, obviously reached by a process of excluding large fields of verse; and, therefore, while no specific term in the definition may need explication, yet the writer's point of view does need explication. So also does the writer's point of view need elucidation in a statement such as that of Maeterlinck,—"Man is a God who is afraid."

The thing named by the term to be defined frequently admits of so much division into parts or kinds that it is not possible to approach compassing a clear exposition in a definition only. Therefore, if a writer expects to rely upon definition only, and not proceed to further analysis, he needs to answer for himself the question, "What is it that we are to define?" We say that exposition is explanation directed to the understanding; that it is that form of discourse whose purpose it is to make something clear to the understanding. But what is that "something"? We have already pointed out that it is an idea. It can not be anything else, for the understanding does not apprehend anything else but ideas. When the dictionaries are said to define words, that is not a strictly true saying; the dictionaries define ideas which words symbolise. "Machine" as a mere word can mean nothing. "Growth," mere growth, can mean nothing. But "machine" as something adapted to a purpose,— say, the purpose of cutting and binding and

threshing grain; or "growth" as change of cellular tissues, increase of such tissues, movement of cells, and the like,— these things we are prepared to apprehend and understand, because there is something vital, something dynamic, in machine and growth when thought of in such a manner; for the mind is a vital thing and comprehends vital things. In the mere word or term, such as "machine," there is not thought, there is only the symbol of a latent thought. The thought becomes explicit only in the phrasing which shows machine to be doing something or to be adapted to the doing of something. Mere words do not explain, only phrases explain; only they make clear to the intellect.

An idea is a unit of thought. The symbol of an idea is the unit of speech; but the symbol of thought is the unit which we call an affirmation. In all exposition we begin with this unit of thought,— namely, an idea *to be made* clear. Then, when the exposition is completed, a unit is the total result; it is then an idea *made* clear. Any discourse will have unity if all that is in the discourse is written concerning the idea to be expounded; that is to say, it will then have unity of *substance.* If there is in the writing an order of arrangement due to proper gradation of proportion, if there is a thorough harmony of all the parts, then there will be unity of *form.* If, finally, the discourse, as a whole, has one dominant effect upon the reader, then there will be unity of *function.*

Definitions which undertake to explain terms that are difficult are especially in need of analysis. For example, if we read that "The technical art of poetry is to

make patterns out of life," we feel at once that this statement is rich with suggestion; but we feel, too, that every phrase in it is so vague that analysis is positively demanded. To make clear such statements as this one, it is necessary to cite real examples; to repeat, perhaps, in approximate terms; to give further definition; to analyse the leading terms carefully.

III

ANALYSIS — A MATTER OF DIVISION AND ORDER

As a general rule, the first thing done in exposition is to state the leading idea in the form of a definition. Then, if the definition does not seem convincing, we proceed to analysis.

In the analysis of a subject, the details of the composition and the order of these details are determined primarily by the subject. Of course, the peculiar circumstances of some unusual condition of mind in the reader whom the writer assumes, may require ordering of the writing in such way as the subject itself might not naturally suggest.

The relation to each other of the subject and the discourse concerning the subject is not a mechanical relation. It is rather like, at least, a biological relation. The composition grows from the idea as a plant from a seed. Of course, also, the idea has first come from experience as a seed from a plant. An idea is explained fully only when its *origin,* its *present bearing,*

and its *possible future development,* are made clear to the intellect of the reader.

Let us take an example. Suppose we should desire to explain the place which oratory has attained among the arts.

Well, whence comes our seed-idea that oratory *has* a place among the arts? We must first be sure that oratory is one of the arts. We might assume, simply assume, that it is, and then go on from this assumption as if it were the seed from which our plant shall grow. But, unless we know the *origin* of the idea that oratory has a place among the arts, the whole matter of its place will not be clear, to some readers.

Hence, we first inquire at the source from which all the arts have arisen,— man's instinctive powers. But we face assumptions even here, unless we are willing to go into very exhaustive anthropological research. But, since that research has already been pretty well done, we should remain satisfied with proceeding from the conclusions already reached by anthropologists — never forgetting, however, that even the anthropologist himself has proceeded upon assumptions. The man who asks for reasoning based upon no assumptions whatever, asks an impossible thing. All reasoning, even that from the most rigid observation and experience, is based upon no less than two assumptions, back of which no one can go. These two assumptions are, first, that the world observed is an intelligible world, and, second, that the mind observing it is capable of interpreting that intelligible world. These two assumptions, likewise, are worthless unless we make a third correlative assumption,

namely, that our sensory organs report to the mind, in an accurate fashion, their experience of the world. In other words, all reasoning is based upon a general assumption that the world and the individual are akin. The man, philosopher or any one else, who talks of rejecting all assumptions, all pre-conceptions,— or whatever it is he likes to call them,— does not talk sanely. All reasoning is based upon some measure of faith. Faith and reason are not opposed. Reasoning itself is an act of faith. "It is an act of faith to assert that our thoughts have any relation to reality at all." We cannot prove that they have any relation to reality. We take it on faith, we take it for granted that they have such a relation.

Well, in the matter of the place of oratory among the arts, we assume that the anthropologist is correct in reporting to us that the arts result from the merging of certain primitive, free, spontaneous physical activities with certain more or less conscious imitative activities, and, in some cases, as in architecture, that they merge with certain activities whose motive is not mere imitation, but utility. These spontaneous physical activities, the anthropologist reports, are at first wholly unrestrained; such activities as the movements of the limbs or of the vocal organs. But soon these activities begin to be slightly restrained by some relatively conscious principle of order, such as harmony, resulting in measure, rhythm, proportion, composition, etc. These now harmonious activities become imitative of other activities seen and heard; and dance, or song, or measured speech results. Lyric song, and dramatic performances,

also painting of the body and other forms of decoration, occur; convenient places are erected in which to perform these now increasingly artistic activities. From the emotional gestures, from imitative and otherwise expressive sounds, there results, when under the control of the principles of order and utility, the oratory of the pulpit, of the platform, and of the stage.

In its origin, then, oratory may be traced to the same sources as the other arts; and in its early development, as well as in its ultimate source, oratory is controlled by the same principles and motives as are all the other arts in their early development.

But to discover the exact status or place of oratory among the arts, we should have to place an estimate upon the relative values of the physical, mental, and imitative instincts, the utilitarian motives, and all the rest, and find out which of these is or are more or less positively the source of and influencing power in oratory. We should have also to trace the history of the arts, in order to see the separation of oratory from the other arts. We should have to make, too, a tentative estimate of the probable future values of each of the arts, including oratory, because the present status of anything is judged partly by its future possibilities; and we could not tell the future possibilities of oratory in its place among the arts without knowing something of their future possibilities also. Definitions would be emerging at every step; definitions of oratory, of art, of imitation, of instinct, of utility, of value, and of many other things.

Furthermore, we should constantly be dividing our

subject according now to one and then to another principle of division, as occasion would demand. For example, we should divide art into the various arts, classifying them and placing them in a scale of values. We should divide oratory, according to the time principle, into primitive, ancient, mediæval, modern; according to the principle of purpose, into judicial, pulpit, occasional, etc. We might even divide oratory according to a geographical principle; or a racial principle. There would be oriental, and occidental oratory. There would be Greek, Roman, German, French, British, American, perhaps. We might have cross divisions, such as a division of each of the racial expressions of oratory on the basis of kind of purpose, of degree of intelligence, of emotion, of artificiality — all of which things may be displayed in speech-making. All of these divisions, and possibly many more, would have direct bearing upon the relation of this art to all other arts, because each art has its varying expressions in each one of the fields of division which we have suggested. All the arts have developed in epochs, all vary with geographical distribution of peoples, all have their racial expressions, all are at times controlled by definite purposes, all are intellectual and emotional; and, too frequently, all are injured by mere artistry and artificiality.

Behold, now, what a great plant our seed has grown to be! The fruit of it all will be a conclusion as to the precise place occupied at the present time, or, perhaps, to be occupied, among the arts, by the art of oratory.

The utimate purpose of analysis is to cause us to understand the whole which is taken apart. Analysis

starts with something synthetic and ends with a better understanding of the synthesis. The difference between analysis and synthesis is easily seen by taking a simple instance in the medium of language itself. An inflected language has terms which when their meanings appear in another and analytical language are broken into many parts. The Latin language is an inflected language, and the Latin term *fuissem* in English, an analytical tongue, is "I should have been," which is simply an analysis of the synthesis *fuissem*. Each of the different notions taken out by analysis from the conglomerate Latin whole is expressed in English by a different term.

The distinction often made between the division and the partition of a subject is a forced distinction, and need not specially concern a writer or student. The one term, division, is sufficient for every purpose to which either of the two terms is ever put. We may divide the larger subject of which our chosen subject is a part; as an example, we may desire to write of militarism in America, and may first take ocasion to divide militarism itself into German, British, Russian, French, and American. Then we may divide American militarism into its temporal parts,— eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth century militarism in America, it may be. To call the first dividing "partition" and the second one "division" is pedantic, nothing more.

The principle of division we shall now discuss at length, illustrating it somewhat copiously. The student should carefully apply the methods to the selections in Chapter VIII.

IV

DIVISION IN EXPOSITORY WRITING

A scientific division is one in which whole and parts can be seen to be equal and interchangeable. But such exhaustiveness of division is unnecessary in most writing. To divide always with scientific minuteness would often be equivalent to questioning the reader's intelligence. For instance, if one were to write of the political geography of the United States, he would be expected to undertake to make completely exhaustive divisions of at least certain aspects of the subject. Such an aspect would be the consideration of the territory for the administration of government; it would have to be divided into state, county, township, city, ward, into judicial circuits, judicial districts, and so on. But if one were to write of the relation which geography bore to politics during the decade 1900–1909, an exhaustive statement of all phases of relationship would not be required; townships, for example, throughout the length and breadth of the land, as townships had little influence upon political affairs of a nation-wide character during those few years of our history.

The length to which division will be carried depends partly upon the possibilities of the subject, but even more upon the circumstances attendant upon the time of writing; such circumstances as the point of view chosen by the writer, and the information of the readers addressed. Obviously, though, a scientific process, such as the preparation of some delicate or dangerous chemical

experiment or surgical operation, especially when written up for purposes of instruction, must be analysed until the various steps are presented in all their completeness; the division in such a case must be exhaustive, or the purpose of the exposition may be completely defeated. Death might follow an attempt to repeat the experiment or the operation by one who had not had fully presented to him every step of the process.

There are a few general subjects which, for full treatment, do not require much more space and time and information than are possible to the average writer. Hence the necessity for narrowing the subject to an available theme. The writer must learn that the same problems which face investigation itself face also the reporting of investigation, no matter what the subject may be, whether it is the condition of the soil or humanity's thought upon the problem of immortality. The histories of science and of literature are a revelation of the ever-growing recognition that one individual should take only a relatively small segment of the whole subject demanding treatment, if he would handle it well. For example, Lowell was interested in the general subject of Credulity. He began an essay thus:

> Credulity, as a mental and moral phenomenon, manifests itself in widely different ways, according as it chances to be the daughter of fancy or of terror. The one lies warm about the heart as Folklore, fills moonlit dells with dancing fairies, sets out a meal for the Brownie, hears the tinkle of airy bridle-bells as Tamlane rides away with the Queen of Dreams, changes Pluto and Proserpine into Oberon and Titania, and makes friends with unseen powers as Good Folk; the other is a bird of night, whose

shadow sends a chill among the roots of the hair; it sucks with the vampire, gorges with the ghoul, is choked by the night-hag, pines away under the witch's charm, and commits uncleanness with the embodied Principle of Evil, giving up the fair realm of innocent belief to a murky throng from the slums and stews of the debauched brain. Both have vanished from among educated men, and such superstition as comes to the surface nowadays is the harmless Jacobitism of sentiment, pleasing itself with a fiction all the more because there is no exacting reality behind it to impose a duty or demand a sacrifice. And as Jacobitism survived the Stuarts, so this has outlived the dynasty to which it professes an after-dinner allegiance. It nails a horseshoe over the door, but keeps a rattle by its bedside to summon a more substantial watchman; it hangs a crape on the beehive to get a taste of ideal sweetness, but obeys the teaching of the latest bee-book for material and marketable honey. This is the æsthetic variety of the malady, or rather, perhaps, it is only the old complaint robbed of all its pain, and lapped in waking dreams by the narcotism of an age of science. To the world at large it is not undelightful to see the poetical instincts of friends and neighbours finding some other vent than that of verse. But there has been a superstition of very different fibre, of more intense and practical validity, *the deformed child of faith,* peopling the midnight of the mind with fearful shapes and phrenetic suggestions, a monstrous brood of its own begetting, and making even good men ferocious in imagined self-defence.

It is apparent that the subject of CREDULITY is getting quite large in the author's view, so that after a few more pages of analysis of the general subject, Lowell turns his attention back to "the deformed child of faith," and then gives seventy pages to the development of the sub-subject of "Witchcraft" and, as it happens,

Witchcraft turns out at last to be the title of the Essay.

Professor Kuno Francke follows the same method in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1907. He divides the history of a nation into two main parts, "civilisation" and "culture," proceeding then to define "national civilisation" and "national culture." Next he shows the relationship, in a few specific ways, of civilisation and culture to one another. *The Study of National Culture* soon emerges as the real subject of his article.

Occasionally a writer becomes impressed at the close of his work, more perhaps than at the beginning, with the relation of his subject to some larger, more inclusive subject, and so at the *end* of his article he presents the process of division. Walter Pater's Essay on *Style* closes in this manner,— "Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art; — then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of old or new truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or, immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul — that colour and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure — it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place in the great structure of human life." The author has been concerned in his essay with the subject of *good* art, but at

the end he opens up for a momentary gaze the larger, inclusive field of *great* art.

Doubtless the most full and detailed in his divisions of all writers whom we call "literary" rather than merely scientific, is Ruskin, whom Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, characterised as "the most analytic mind in Europe." To illustrate from one of his completely detailed analyses would occupy too much space. A brief passage from his lecture on *Work,* in which division is carried but a little way, will illustrate the simplicity of his method, if not its fulness. After dividing men into the idle and the industrious, with the expectation of writing concerning the industrious only (the same sort of method illustrated above from Lowell and Kuno Francke), he goes farther and forecasts the plan of his lecture by subdividing the industrious. He says:

"These separations we will study, and the laws of them, among energetic men only, who, whether they work or whether they play, put their strength into the work, and their strength into the game; being in the full sense of the word 'industrious,' one way or another — with a purpose or without. And these distinctions are mainly four: —

"I. Between those who work and those who play.

"II. Between those who produce the means of life and those who consume them.

"III. Between those who work with the head, and those who work with the hand.

"IV. Between those who work wisely, and those who work foolishly.

"For easier memory, let us say we are going to oppose, in our examination: —

"I. Work to play.

"II. Production to consumption.

"III. Head to hand; and

"IV. Sense to nonsense."

Ruskin is so impressed with the value of division, that when, later, he has completed the treatment of one head of discourse, he explicitly indicates to the reader that he is now to pass to another. One sentence will suffice to illustrate such transitional indication: "I pass now to our third condition of separation, between the men who work with the hand and those who work with the head."

It is rarely necessary to furnish the reader with an outline apart from the text. Yet no test is so effective as that of an expository outline, for indicating or for determining the unity and coherent structure of a piece of discourse. A good illustration of the furnishing of an outline as the text proceeds is to be found in Chapter XII of Masson's *Life of De Quincey,* in the "English Men of Letters" series. That chapter will reward careful study by the student anxious to master a clear analytical method.

The simplest and best method of notation in making an expository outline is the following, varied to meet the needs of compression or expansion.

A writer will rarely find it needful to carry subdivisions beyond five or six points. If he carries it to even that length he is likely to be refining his thought too far.

I.
II.
A.
III.
A.
B.
1.
IV.
A.
B.
C.
1.
2.
a.

V.
A.
B.
C.
D.
1.
2.
3.
a.
b.
c.
(1).
(2).
(a).
(b).
etc., etc., etc.

If it becomes necessary to go farther, *x*, *y*, and other simple symbols may be employed. One should not attempt to reproduce in the outline every small point in the body of the discourse, unless he is sure the reader would be likely to be misled by any omissions. Professor Thorndike finds fifteen ideas in four sentences from Hawthorne. If one attempted with such meaty discourse as that, to state each point or idea in all that is outlined, the outline would be merely a reproduction or a paraphrase of that which is being outlined.

An example of outlining which, while it by no means covers all the points involved, is sufficient to suggest quite fully and accurately the content of that which is analysed, and one which contains, also, such vital material that it should induce any reader of culture to be

eager to read the epoch-making book which supplies the material for the outline, is the following analysis of Chapter V of a translation of The Introduction to Hegel's *Philosophy of Fine Art.* It should be noted that the thought to be made clear in this chapter is that the arts are differentiated from each other by the character of the relationship which each art shows to exist between (1) the absolute Idea, or thought, and (2) the concrete sensuous media employed to represent thought to consciousness.

Here is the outline of the chapter mentioned: [1]

I. General conditions of artistic presentation.
  A. The *content* (idea to be presented).
    1. Must be worthy.
      a. Must submit to plasticity.
      b. Must be appropriate to the form chosen.
    2. Must not be a mere abstraction of the understanding.
  B. The sensuous *form* for embodiment of the idea must be
    1. Concrete.
    2. Unified.
II. The beautiful in art is attained when there is present and active
  A. The truly concrete idea.
  B. A plastic mould completely adequate to the idea.

[1] It should be said here that an expository outline differs from an argumentative brief in that the argumentative brief is in the form of sentences throughout, each sentence standing in a *for* or *because* relation to the statement that it is intended to follow as its proof, whereas in the expository outline no such order or relationship need be employed; the two differ also in that the argumentative outline or brief follows the exact order of the argument briefed, while in exposition the order of the outline does not of necessity follow with such exactness the order of the material outlined,— though it usually does so.

C. Individual skilfulness in the adaptation of the outward shape and the idea to each other.

III. The particular modes of art.
- A. Symbolic.
- B. Classical.
- C. Romantic.

IV. The several arts.
- A. Architecture
- B. Sculpture.
- C. Romantic arts, comprising,
  1. Painting.
  2. Music.
  3. Poetry.

V. Conclusion.
- A. The particular arts constitute a totality, made up of
  1. The *external* art of architecture.
  2. The *objective* art of sculpture.
  3. The *subjective* arts of painting, music, and poetry.
  4. Of these, poetry is conformable to the symbolic, the classical, and the romantic types of the beautiful; though it is chiefly romantic, because of the fuller presence of the artistic imagination in romantic art.
- B. The spirit of beauty awakening to self-knowledge is the architect and builder of this totality.
- C. The evolution of the ages is necessary to complete the full self-unfolding of the Idea of beauty.

It is sometimes desirable in an outline or plan to show a quite formal relation of part to part in the composition analysed. Occasionally we hear some censure or ridicule of the old formal divisions into Introduction, Development, and Conclusion. We are told that we should

"begin at the beginning" and even begin *in medias res,* and that when we are through we should stop; that, in other words, such things as introductions and conclusions are superfluous. This is all clever enough; and not seldom needful to say as a corrective of the habit of writing too extended an introduction, such an introduction as is evidently only sparring for an opening, and as a corrective of the habit of writing a conclusion which is artificial and quite obviously "tacked on" because the writer does not know how to quit. But an adroit beginning and a convincing end are much to be desired. Webster's *Reply to Hayne* may have had no formal introduction in itself; but it needed none, for Hayne's own speech had introduced Webster's reply before Webster rose to his feet. As to conclusions, the average reader resents being abruptly dismissed; he prefers at least a concluding sentence which, like a pat on the back, will make him feel that now the writer and he have come to a definite understanding.

While outlining of prose is calmly accepted as helpful to the understanding of it, it is a curious fact that many readers suppose that poetry cannot or does not contain any such quality as logical excellence. No doubt it is this supposition that makes most attempts to exhibit plan in poetry such dismal failures as they are. The person who attempts the outline usually has fear rather than enthusiasm for his task. But in poetry which touches prosaic subjects, or abstruse matter, or which treats such a complex as contemporary life, some definite method, some logical procedure, is indispensable for clearness' sake. And to be able to follow the plan

of the logical development is not infrequently that which alone can make the poem as a whole either clear or attractive. Walter Pater in the essay on *Style* says, "To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of 'Lycidas,' for instance, the thought, the LOGICAL STRUCTURE — how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call poetry, the imaginative power,— not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there."

A lover of Milton [1] appreciatively writes, "Milton's two poems 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' lend themselves to a peculiarly interesting analysis. No better evidence could be produced of the care a great artist gives to this feature of his work. The fact of two structures just alike emphasises the point. With a powerful imagination so teeming with poetical ideas that his words are pictures in themselves, with a rich musical ear which teaches melody and movement to his numbers, he saw fit to shape as vehicles for his thought a carefully articulated plan with subdivisions in one place five degrees deep. Here are two Introductions. The first ten lines introduce an apostrophe. This, in itself, is a complete whole of three parts and a theme. The co-ordinate ideas in the skeleton almost force themselves into parallel phrases. In these poems, also, is illustration of the fact that analysis aids in understanding and enjoyment; for a highly cultivated mind is required to appreciate them without it, and only a dull and insensible one fails to enjoy them with it."

[1] Harriet Noble.

The statement that only a dull and insensible mind fails to enjoy these poems without analysis may meet with objections; but it is less exaggerated, some will think, than the statement that a highly cultivated mind is required to appreciate them without conscious analysis.

Below is a plan of "L'Allegro." It will be understood that the word "Subject" in connection with the DEVELOPMENT refers to the underlying idea, the thought, which vitalises and gives interest to the composition.

Lines

1– 10.. I. INTRODUCTION. Dismissal of Melancholy.

11–150.. II. DEVELOPMENT. Subject: An apostrophe to Mirth.

11– 24.....A. *Invocation* to Mirth.

25–150.....B. *Recommendations* of Mirth.

25– 40..... 1. Companions of Mirth: Jest, Jollity, and others including Liberty and Me.

41–150..... 2. Delights Mirth may afford.

41–116.... a. Rural.

41– 68.. (1) Morning.

(a) From the window: lark, cock, chase.

(b) From the lawn: sunrise; ploughman, milkmaid, mower, shepherd.

69– 90.. (2) Mid-day.

(a) Landscape: lawns, fallows, mountains, meadows, brooks, castles, cottages.

Lines 91–116.. (3) Evening.
(a) Out-of-doors: the hamlet dance.
(b) In-doors: ale; tales of fairy and goblin.

117–134.... b. Civic.
(1) Pageants; tilts, weddings, other functions.
(2) Drama: Jonson's and Shakespeare's comedies.

135–150.... c. Constant Music: Lydian airs.

151–152..III. CONCLUSION. A Condition, and a Resolve.

Such an outline is an exposition of the poem; such an analysis is not an analysis of only the form of the composition, it is an analysis of its substance as well. It is of great value to a reader. If one has read the "L'Allegro" in an absentminded fashion, perhaps only wishing that he might appreciate the little masterpiece, since he has heard that others delight in it; if he has made his own mind hazy in the reading because of having approached the poem with the notion that it was something profound, perhaps even metaphysical; if little or nothing but an occasional pictorial phrase has attracted and held his attention,— let him outline the poem in such manner as above, and he will find the poem simplicity itself, he will read it another time with more strongly arrested attention, sharper interest, and a keener intelligence.

Re-telling in paraphrase form the story of a piece of prose fiction is but a faint exposition of it; the paraphrase may, in fact, obscure the original. But analys-

ing the course of the movement of its plot and tracing the relationships of its sub-plots to each other and to the main plot, are distinctly expository in their effect. A graph of the story of May Sinclair's *The Divine Fire,* for example, will make the course of the plot much more clear than will a casual reading alone. A "Character Scheme," by means of drawings, of George Eliot's *Romola* would furnish an exposition of the main currents that carry along the events and the careful development of human relationships in that remarkable book. Such forms of analysis of the book a student is reading, will afford most fascinating exercise and provide excellent disciplinary training for his own creative writing.

Enough has been said to emphasise sufficiently the value of an expository plan both in the composition and in the study of literature. And we need not apologise for the attention we are here giving to form. The historian and the scientist who so often remark that they are all for substance are, as a rule, the most careful,— especially the scientist,— and the most exacting of all men in requiring and living up to the demands of specific form. Would it be going too far if we should cite a geographer to illustrate the *vitality* of form? This geographer says, "The water in waves only rises and falls, like waves in a swinging rope, but the *wave-forms travel forward.*" Well, of course, forms do *not* travel. Then, as for imagination, the scientific geographer gives way at every turn to the use of even fanciful imagery. He says, "The earth has no head, nor peg, but it spins like a top. . . . We may think of a

line in the earth like the axis of the top. It is called the axis of the earth." What more fanciful than that in any metaphysical romance or in most romantic metaphysics! How can one think of a line in the earth like the axis of a top? What is the axis of a top, anyway? Then, too, many a Philistine who has ridiculed Milton for making the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* say "I was all ear," has with all the kow-towing in the world read Huxley's description of the intellect as "a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order." The scientist surely is not less fanciful than the poet, for the mind is neither clear, cold, nor logical, nor is it an engine.

Furthermore, we need make no apology for giving space to prose fiction and to verse, for in them resides the permanent literature of the world. "The siege of Troy will be remembered when those of Vicksburg and Paris are forgotten," for it is the poets who

> . . . cover us with counsel to defend us
> From storms without; they polish us within
> With learning, knowledge, and disciplines;
> All that is nought and vicious they sweep from us
> Like dust and cobwebs; our rooms concealed
> Hang with the costliest hangings 'bout the walls,
> Emblems and beauteous symbols pictured round.
>
> THOMAS HEYWOOD.

What the precise order of the material employed in the development of the ideas of the exposition shall be, is best determined by the demand for clearness as the writer proceeds with his analysis. The principle of order will be more fully discussed in a succeeding chap-

ter, as one of the elements of style in exposition. Suffice it to say here that what will at any stage or place in the progress of the discussion best aid in the final thorough-going clearness of the subject discussed, is that which should be employed at that stage. This must be determined by the writer himself. The success of all literature depends upon the impression made upon the reader; yet since it is seldom possible to consult with the reader before or during the process of writing, the writer must, by his own dramatic sense, which is the sense that enables him to put himself in another's place, decide what order will make the desired impression. It is easy to see the ruinous effect of bad order in single sentence. A newspaper reporter writes that "The Rev. C. S. Blank will give the last of his series of talks on American Life *as seen by the novelists at the Congregational Church,*— the book for review is *The Jungle.*" A student writes of Poe that "His figure acquires outline and edge from its contrast with the prevailing Philistine screen which he kept behind." The first sentence may easily be taken to mean any one of three things, and as for the second, while we no longer object to a writer using a preposition to end a sentence with, yet we do wonder whether Poe was behind the screen or the screen behind him. The disastrous effect of wrong order is not so quickly discernible in a lengthy composition; but that fact merely makes its ruinous effect all the more subtly worse. Bad order comes from bad thinking. "Language most shows the man," says Ben Jonson. "Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost

parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness as true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, *sound structure,* and harmony of it."

V

THE THREE KINDS OF SUMMARY

The work of a summary is synthetic. Outlines are rarely provided with the briefer forms of exposition, such as articles, essays, etc., but summaries are often supplied. The outline is indispensable, almost, to the writer himself, and the summary is as indispensable, if not more so, to the reader. An outline helps to construct, or synthesise, by analysing; the summary is analytical, too, though, being brief, appears to be directly synthetic.

Summaries are of three kinds: (1) the anticipatory summary, or pre-view; (2) the transitional summary; and (3) the concluding summary, or re-view.

More commonly than not to-day, the introduction to an exposition consists of an anticipatory summary of what is to follow in the development or discussion of the theme. But such a formal method as the using of an anticipatory summary in introducing a piece of discourse must be handled carefully. Quintilian, in his *Institutes* of Oratory, remarks that a faulty proem may have the effect of a scarred face as an introduction; and

that that man will certainly be reckoned a very bad helmsman who lets his ship strike in going out of the harbour. A practised speaker was once asked by a solicitous younger one what he should do to attract the attention of his audience at the outset. "Give 'em something to attend to," was the brusque reply. And the reply was correct. But an introduction must do something else besides attracting attention; it must tell truth. Like a title, an introduction is a sort of advertisement. If the advertisement is unattractive, the reader can hardly be expected to go on to give his attention to that to which the introduction has been attempting to direct his further attention and interest. And the introduction, especially if it is in the form of an anticipatory summary, must also tell the truth, as well as attract the attention, for if it does not tell the truth, the writer will come to grief long before the end of his discourse is reached by the reader.

An anticipatory summary may be very effective and yet be very informal. It is safer, however, to be formal. The following four summaries occur in introductions, and no doubt are equally effective to the readers for whom each is intended.

The first summary is from Huxley. In one of his lectures, after stating his title as "The Relation of Physiological Science to Other Branches of Knowledge," and after a few words of personal explanation, he proceeds to say,—

"Regarding Physiological Science, then, in its widest sense, as the equivalent of Biology, the Science of Individual Life, we have to consider in succession:

"1. Its position and scope as a branch of knowledge.

"2. Its value as a means of discipline.

"3. Its worth as practical information.

"4. At what period it may best be made a branch of education."

A second summary is from Stopford Brooke's *English Literature,*— the opening paragraph of Chapter VIII,—

"**The Elements and Forms of the New Poetry.**"— The poetry we are now to study may be divided into two periods. The first dates from about the middle of Pope's Life, and closes with the publication of Cowper's *Task,* 1785; the second begins with the 'Task' and closes in 1832. The influence of the poetry of the past lasted; new elements were added to poetry, and new forms of it took shape. There was a change also in the style and in the subject of poetry. Under these heads I shall bring together the various poetical works of this period."

A third anticipatory summary is from W. D. Richardson, who opens his article on "The Chemist in the Industries" in volume 27 of *Science* as follows,—

"As I see it, the chemist may be useful in the manufacturing industries in four different ways:

"1. In the buying and selling of materials according to analysis.

"2. In the chemical control of manufacturing operations by analysing raw, intermediate, and final products.

"3. In a consulting capacity, interpreting chemical processes, terms, and operations to the administrative heads of the business.

"4. In the improvement of plant and processes, including the working up of by-products, cheapening of operations, and turning of low-grade products into high-grade ones.

"I shall take up these four different lines of work, one after another, somewhat in detail.

"First — The buying and selling of materials according to analysis . . . etc., etc., etc."

Mr. Richardson's introduction is a most excellent example of an introduction devoted exclusively to an anticipatory summary, and it will be observed that he has no hesitation whatever about repeating his material, for the sake of an unmistakable clearness.

The *informal* summary mentioned above is the opening of A. C. Bradley's great work on *Shakespearean Tragedy.* It is as follows:

"In these lectures I propose to consider the four principal tragedies of Shakespeare from a single point of view. Nothing will be said of Shakespeare's place in the history of either English literature or of the drama in general. No attempt will be made to compare him with other writers. I shall leave untouched, or merely glanced at, questions regarding his life and character, the development of his genius and art, the genuineness, sources, texts, interrelations of his various works. Even what may be called, in a restricted sense, the 'poetry' of the four tragedies — the beauties of style, diction, versification — I shall pass by in silence. Our one object will be what, again in a restricted sense, may be called dramatic appreciation: to increase our understanding and enjoyment of these works as

dramas; to learn to apprehend the action and some of the personages of each with a somewhat greater truth and intensity, so that they may assume in our imagination a shape a little less unlike the shape they wore in the imagination of their creator. For this end all those studies that were mentioned just now, of literary history and the like, are useful and even in various degree necessary. But an overt pursuit of them is not necessary here, nor is any one of them so indispensable to our object as that close familiarity with the plays, that native strength and justice of perception, and that habit of reading with an eager mind, which make many an unscholarly lover of Shakespeare a far better critic than many a Shakespeare scholar."

It is easily seen what the writer proposes to omit, and at least four times in this one passage we are told in a summary way precisely what the author will do in the book that follows.

The work of a *transitional* summary is not, as it is often the fashion to say of connectives, to link together adjacent parts. Good discourse is not like a train of cars. It is the work of a transitional summary to *weld,* if it cannot be to make to grow together, parts of the discourse. Perhaps no portion of the composition comes more nearly to being entirely furnished by the subject itself than the transitional summary. Usually it contains a brief outline of what has preceded and of what is to follow. A fairly good summary occurs on page 40 of Mr. Bradley's book, though it does not fully cover what has preceded. It is as follows:

"Having discussed the substance of a Shakespearean

tragedy, we should naturally go on to examine the form. And under this head many things might be included, for example, Shakespeare's methods of characterisation, his language, his versification, the construction of his plots. I intend, however, to speak only of the last of these subjects, which has been somewhat neglected, and, as construction is a more or less technical matter, I shall add some general remarks on Shakespeare as an artist."

This passage employs a generalisation to sum up what has gone before; it also outlines what is in the writer's thought but is not to go down in full on paper; and it divides into two parts what actually is to follow.

The lover of beautiful phraseology has little chance for display in the compressed work of a summary. Such pompous beauty as in Shakespeare's

"Upon the beached verge of the salt flood, who once a day
With his embossed froth the turbulent surge doth cover,"

or such pictures as Marlowe's

> "Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
> With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
> Shall bathe him in a spring,"

we do not find in the summaries of even a Burke or a Macaulay, fond of fine diction as they were. Yet there is no essential reason why the writer of exposition, even in his summarising passages, should not employ the most attractive diction and phraseology, that aptness will permit. There is no really good reason why Hamlet's delicate phrase "the modesty of nature" should not

have occurred to a botanist or a geographer; it would not only have adorned but would have added to the serviceableness of his prose. Exposition does afford less opportunity for the divine delightfulness of poetic diction than description does; yet a transitional summary may well illustrate the line of Barabbas, the Jew of Malta,—

"Infinite riches in a little room."

A skilful concluding summary is a sort of subtle compliment to the synthetic power of the mind of the reader, in that it assures the reader that he has been able to grasp the substance of the discourse as it has proceeded. Alfred Russell Wallace concludes a brilliant discussion of "The Importance of Dust" as follows:

Let us now briefly summarise what we owe to the universality of dust, and especially to that most finely divided portion of it which is constantly present in the atmosphere up to the height of many miles. First of all it gives us the pure blue of the sky, one of the most exquisitely beautiful colours in nature. It gives us also the glories of the sunset and the sunrise, and all those brilliant hues seen in high mountain regions. Half of the beauty of the world would vanish with the absence of dust. But, what is far more important than the colour of the sky and beauty of the sunset, dust gives us also diffused daylight, or skylight, that most equable, and soothing, and useful, of all illuminating agencies. Without dust the sky would appear absolutely black, and the stars would be visible even at noonday. The sky itself would therefore give us no light. We should have bright glaring sunlight or intensely dark shadows, with hardly any half tones. From this cause alone the

world would be so totally different from what it is that all vegetable and animal life would probably have developed into very different forms, and even our own organisation would have been modified in order that we might enjoy life in a world of such harsh and violent contrasts.

In our houses we should have little light except when the sun shone directly into them, and even then every spot out of its direct rays would be completely dark, except for light reflected from the walls. It would be necessary to have windows all round and the walls all white; and on the north side of every house a high white wall would have to be built to reflect the light and prevent that side from being in total darkness. Even then we should have to live in a perpetual glare, or shut out the sun altogether and use artificial light as being a far superior article.

Much more important would be the effects of a dust-free atmosphere in banishing clouds, or mist, or the "gentle rain of heaven," and in giving us in their place perpetual sunshine, desert lowlands, and mountains devastated by unceasing floods and raging torrents, so as, apparently, to render all life on earth impossible. (*The Wonderful Century,* Chapter IX.)

Obviously, the business of an anticipatory summary is to tell the reader what is going to be done; that of a transitional summary is not only to tell what has been done and what is to be done, but also to weld these two in such way that the reader shall get an impression that composition is an organic structure; and, finally, the business of a concluding summary is to synthesise all that has been done and, by the subtle compliment we have mentioned, to help insure acceptance of the truth of the idea or ideas made clear by the exposition as a whole.

Perhaps the second of the two following sentences

from a section of Richard T. Ely's *Monopolies and Trusts* will form an aptly practical conclusion of the points in this discussion of analysis. "As our first step in the discussion of monopolies is the definition of monopoly, so the second step is the classification of monopolies, with an examination of their causes. What we need here as elsewhere in the scientific and popular discussions of economic problems is analysis, for the tendency in discussions of both kinds is to generalise too hastily."

VI

ANALYTICAL EXERCISES

1. Make an outline of Milton's "Il Penseroso," after the manner of the outline of the "L'Allegro" in this chapter. Show how the outline is a test of the logical nature of the construction of the poem. Point out the effect of this logical structure upon the clearness of the pictures in the poem; also upon the thought that Milton wishes to convey.

2. Consult section II of Chapter II of Freytag's *Technique of the Drama* (McEwan's translation), and then analyse the structure of a five-act, a four-act, and of a three-act drama; for example, Shakespeare's *Othello;* Brieux's *The Red Robe;* and Galsworthy's *Strife.*

3. Read Poe's essay on *The Philosophy of Composition.* Apply the principles of that essay to Poe's story of *Ligeia.*

4. Make a graph for each of the following named

short-stories, showing the form of the plot in each case: *A Problem of Life,* by Björnson; *The Struggle for Life,* by Aldrich; *A Sisterly Scheme,* by Bunner.

5. By means of a drawing, test the accuracy of Poe's description of "Landor's Cottage" and its surroundings.

6. Examine the method of tracing the emotional line in story as suggested on page 39 of Whitcomb's *The Study of A Novel.* Trace the line of emotion through a short story by Maupassant, by Hardy, by Poe, or by Tolstoi.

7. Read a group of one-act plays, such as those in J. M. Barrie's *Half-Hours,* Lord Dunsany's *Five Plays,* or Eden Phillpotts' *Curtain-Raisers,* and then compare the method of the one-act play with that of the drama of more than one act and with that of the short-story.

8. It has been said of Bronson Howard, the American playwright, that "his manner of work was method itself. He never wrote a line of dialogue until he had established the action of his play so soundly upon its feet that it could be told in pantomime. He said that he seldom put pen to paper for the first three months of preparing a play. He had a system of charts drawn upon cards of about six by four inches, and on each of these cards was elaborated a series of squares much like a chess-board, each card representing a scene of a play. Upon these little-chess boards, Mr. Howard worked about his characters until all of them knew their places. Then he was ready to write dialogues and put words into the mouths of his characters. It generally took him two years to produce a play." Test a favourite

printed play by means of this device; or, put in action by this device a group of characters for a play,— one act will do,— of your own creation.

9. Apply to Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* the method suggested in the following quotation from Henry James:

"I remember that in sketching my project (*The Awkward Age*) I drew on a sheet of paper . . . the neat figure of a circle consisting of a number of small rounds disposed at equal distances about a central object. The central object was my situation, to which the thing would owe its title, and the small rounds represented so many distinct lamps, as I liked to call them, the function of each of which would be to light with all due intensity one of its aspects. . . . Each of my 'lamps' would be the light of a 'single social occasion' in the history and intercourse of the characters concerned, and would bring out to the full the latent colour of the scene in question, and cause it to illustrate, to the last drop, its bearing on my theme."

10. Study *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish,* by Jeffery Farnol, *Madonna of the Peach Tree* by Maurice Hewlett, and other novelettes. How does the novelette differ in construction from the novel and from the short-story?

11. Take a text-book in political economy or in political science which does not outline its separate chapters and make outlines of three chapters after the method employed in Burch and Nearing's *Elements of Economics.*

12. After you have written your next expository essay, look carefully at the diagrams in Kavana and Beatty's *Composition and Rhetoric,* pages 285 to 289

and pages 335, 342, and 347. Analyse the paragraphs of your essay by means of diagrams similar to those shown upon those pages.

13. Make an outline of a proposed essay upon "Ideal Commonwealths" or one upon "South American Cities." Is your material arranged as the laws of association in logic would require — the laws of contiguity, of similarity and contrast, of cause and effect?

CHAPTER V

Style in Exposition

I

CONCRETENESS

"For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries — to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In Style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often."

"The brief style is that which expresseth much in little; the concise style, which expresseth not enough but leaves something to be understood; the abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end but fall. The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connection; as in stones well squared, which will rise string a great way without mortar." (Ben Jonson, *Discoveries.*)

Huxley says in one of his letters, "The fact is that I have a great love and a great respect for my native tongue and take great pains to use it properly. Some-

times I write essays half a dozen times before I can get them into proper shape, and I believe I become more fastidious as I grow older." Probably no author ever wrote more clearly upon difficult subjects than Huxley has written. The writings of Huxley are clear because he never hesitated to do for the reader what the reader would find it too difficult or too time-consuming to do for himself. Few people really think except in concrete terms; but Huxley practically never permitted a generalisation of his to stand without its being translated by himself into concreteness. If we examine his essay upon "The Method of Scientific Investigation," we find that literally every paragraph of it contains what he terms "some familiar example." The first paragraph illustrates the differences between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, by comparing the weighing upon the scales of a tradesman with the analysis by means of the chemist's balance and finely graduated weights. The second paragraph begins, "You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example." The third paragraph opens, "There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays." The fourth paragraph likewise opens, "A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this." The fifth paragraph employs again and again the illustration already used in the fourth. In the sixth paragraph, the fourth sentence begins, "For instance, etc." The seventh paragraph is transitional and refers to the examples previously given, as "proof." The opening sentence of the eighth paragraph is,— "I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will

therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example." The familiar example of this paragraph is carried on through the ninth and tenth; and in the eleventh we have a new turn to the same example. The twelfth paragraph begins, "Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully." This paragraph later refers to Newton and Laplace, and talks of "flaws" and "cracks" in hypotheses of daily life. The final paragraph has imbedded in its centre the sentence "A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese; that is an hypothesis."

Is not this perfectly clear, that in every turn and phase of thought Huxley is constantly concrete?

Again, taking up a little volume of selections under the general title of *Little Masterpieces of Science: Mind,* and opening it wholly at random, on page 145, near the close of the essay on "Common Sense," whose author is William Boyd Carpenter, M.D., one reads, "Of this we have a good illustration in the advice which an eminent and experienced judge (the story is told of Lord Mansfield), etc." Turning over one page, one reads, "If we examine, for instance, etc." Placing the little book flat upon my table I find it opens at page 77; and beginning at the point on which the eye first falls, I read the following from the concluding paragraph of Francis Galton's "Twins, Their History as a Criterion of the Relative Powers of Nature and Nurture," —

But experience is often fallacious in ascribing great effects to trifling circumstances. Many a person has amused himself with throwing bits of stick into a tiny brook and watching their progress; how they are arrested, first by one chance obstacle, then by another; and again, how their onward course is facilitated by a combination of circumstances. He might ascribe much importance to each of these events, and think how largely the destiny of the stick has been governed by a series of trifling accidents. Nevertheless all the sticks succeed in passing down the current, and they travel, in the long run, at nearly the same rate. So it is with life in respect to the several accidents which seem to have had a great effect upon our careers. The one element, which varies in different individuals, but is constant in each of them, is the natural tendency; it corresponds to the current in the stream, and invariably asserts itself, . . . etc., etc."

It is plain that *concreteness* is one of the qualities of style by means of which the scientist attains his end.

Sir Francis Bacon reports that "Mr. Saville was asked by my lord of Essex his opinion touching poets, who answered my Lord: 'He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose!'" And Sir Francis Bacon, together with all other competent judges, believed that the best and the greatest literature is best and greatest not alone because of the scientific information it conveys, nor only because of the guidance and sustaining power it affords to life, but because, also, of its artistic, or stylistic qualities. In addition to the quality of concreteness there are three other chief qualities of style, namely, order, tone, and diction. We have now briefly discussed the quality of concreteness. After a writer has accumulated the concrete material with

which he proposes to develop and illustrate his idea, or group of ideas, he will then proceed to think of the order in which this material may best be arranged.

II

ORDER

In the preceding chapter, in connection with the methods of division, much emphasis was placed upon the value of distinct and clear evidence of specific design in the plan of an exposition, the purpose of this specific design being to exhibit the proportions of natural symmetry. Order is a matter of much more than mere technique; it is the general method, or form. When we speak of technique we have in mind the grasp of the intellect upon all *details* of expression; but when we speak of form, or formal order, we have in mind the result of the movement or direction of the theme as a whole. Order, far more than diction even, illustrates sharply the quality of mind which Thomas Hobbes characterised as "bite." Style is often spoken of as personal expression, and is akin to inspiration. But while the aspect of style we call order does spring from a certain disposition of mind, it is a disposition of mind which does not come from without but depends upon one's self. Style in the aspect of order is, as Buffon explained, the principle of order inherent in a man's mind and exhibiting itself in his discourse; in that sense alone, to Buffon, style is the man himself. "A man with no sense for order is without style." A most

sensible proposition; sensible, for it is order that, showing itself in the projecting of plan, distinguishes the civilised man from the savage.

We owe a vast deal of this element of style to our literary inheritance,— more, no doubt, than we are likely to admit readily. We owe our over-formality in great measure to that inheritance. For example, the traditional division under three heads has excellent sanction from the past. In the oration for the Manilian Law, Cicero insists, "You must choose a general; you must choose an able general; you must choose Cneius Pompeius." Mediæval literature was largely monkish, and, doubtless, the mediæval preachers desired to honour the Trinity in their three-fold divisions; at least, they said they did. Perhaps the Aristotelian law of beginning, middle, and end, too, was thought by them to be imperative in the body of discourse as marking actual divisions. Certainly a sense of completeness is given by dividing into three parts, and perhaps a psychological climactic sequence. It seems logical, also, for it suggests the syllogism. Yet "three heads, like a sermon" was ridiculed as early as the seventeenth century by La Bruyère, the author of *Les Caractères.*

But men have become more and more impressed, whether consciously or not, with the force of the truth uttered by M. Buffon, and have come to recognise quite freely that if style is fundamentally a matter of personality, this aspect of it, order, cannot always be adequately exhibited by means of any traditional number of "heads." A sincerely written explanation will have its divisions and their order determined by what is in the

writer's mind concerning the subject and by the relative values of the parts of that which is in his mind. Obtrusive minuteness will rarely have style, for such minuteness belongs to the subject in itself and can but seldom find natural lodgment in the mind of man; therefore its expression will usually be artificial, trumped-up. And style is never "mere expression." What happened to the Cheshire cat was that it became mere expression.

The mind of Huxley was in some rather high degree a sort of logic machine; and yet his style shows largeness and generous freedom rather than obtrusive minuteness. While reading him we are impressed as much with the belief that he has imposed an order upon his subjects as that he has shown the order which exists in those subjects. For we feel that he somehow has taken refractory nature and made her plastic in his hands, and that when he is through with his treatment of her she is more orderly than before — and doubtless this is the actual fact. It is this really artistic treatment, this humanising of nature, that makes his scientific expositions the most noteworthy of his century.

III

TONE

However, there are readers to whom a style even more free than Huxley's is best adapted — a style which has not scientific exactness and interest, but rather the appearance of scientific exactness, combined with entertainment. Such a style, pleasing for the orderliness

of procedure in the handling of the material, and suggesting to the general reader that he is gaining both scientific information and much enjoyment, is exemplified in C. M. Flandrau's explanation of the preparation of coffee, cited from his *Viva Mexico:* [1]

Beyond the fact that you "Don't take sugar, thank you," and like to have the cream poured in first, do you know anything about coffee? Did you know that the pretty fussy trees (they are really more like large shrubs) won't grow in the sun and won't grow in the shade, but have to be given companionship in the form of other trees that, high above them, permit just enough and not too much sunshine to filter mildly in? And that unless you twist off the berries in a persuasive, almost gentle fashion, you so hurt their feelings that in the spring they may refuse to flower? And that the branches are so brittle that they have a way of crackling off from the weight of their own crop? And that wherever there is coffee there is also a tough, graceful little vine about as thick as a telegraph wire, which, if left uncut, winds itself around and around the tree, finally strangling it to death as a snake strangles a rabbit?

When I see the brown hands of the pickers fluttering like nimble birds among the branches, and think of the eight different processes to which the little berries must be subjected before they can become a drinkable coffee, I often wonder how and by whom their secret was wrested from them. Was it an accident like the original whitening of sugar, when — so we used to be told — a chicken with clay on its feet ran over a mound of crude, brown crystals? Or did a dejected Arabian, having heard all his life that (like the tomato of our grandmothers) it was a deadly thing, attempt by drinking it to assuage forever a hopeless passion for some bulbul of the desert, and find himself not dead, but waking? A careless woman drops a bottle of bluing

[1] Published by D. Appleton and Company.

into a vat of wood pulp and lo! for the first time we have coloured writing paper. But no one ever inadvertently picked, dispulped, fermented, washed, dried, hulled, roasted, ground, and boiled coffee, and unless most of these things are done to it, it is of no possible use.

After the coffee is picked it is brought home in sacks, measured, and run through the dispulper, a machine that removes the tough, red, outer skin. Every berry (except the pea berry — a freak) is composed of two beans, and these are covered with a sweet slimy substance known as "honey," which has to ferment and rot before the beans may be washed. Washing simply removes the honey and those pieces of the outer skin that have escaped the teeth of the machine and flowed from the front end where they weren't wanted. Four or five changes of water are made in the course of the operation, and toward the last, when the rotted honey has been washed away, leaving the beans hard and clean in their coverings of parchment, one of the men takes off his trousers, rolls up his drawers, and, knee deep in the heavy mixture of coffee and water, drags his feet as rapidly as he can around the cement washing tank until the whole mass is in motion with a swirling eddy in the centre. Into the eddy gravitate all the impurities — the foreign substances — the dead leaves and twigs and unwelcome hulls, and when they all seem to be there, the man deftly scoops them up with his hands and tosses them over the side. Then, if it be a fine hot day, the soggy mass is shovelled on the *asoleadero* (literally, the sunning place), an immense sloping platform covered with smooth cement, and there it is spread out to dry while men in their bare feet constantly turn it over with wooden hoes in order that the beans may receive the sun equally on all sides.

It sounds simple, and if one numbered among one's employés a Joshua who would command the sun to stand still when one wished it to, it doubtless would be. But no matter how much coffee there may be spread out on the

asoleadero, the sun not only loses its force at a certain hour and then inconsiderately sets,— it sometimes refuses for weeks at a time to show itself at all. During these dreary eternities the half-dried coffee is stowed away in sacks or, when it is too wet to dispose of in this manner without danger of moulding, it is heaped up in ridges on the *asoleadero* and covered. When it rains, work of all kinds in connection with the coffee necessarily ceases. The dryers cannot dry and the pickers cannot pick. Even when it is not actually raining, the pickers won't go out if the trees are still wet. For the water from the shaken branches chills and stiffens their bloodless hands and soaks through their cotton clothes to the skin. If one's plantation and one's annual crop are large enough to justify the expense, one may defy the sun by investing in what is known as a *secadero* — a machine for drying coffee by artificial heat. But I haven't arrived at one of these two-thousand-dollar sun scorners — yet.

That is as far as I go — I pick it, dispulp it, wash it, dry it, and sell it. But while the first four of these performances sometimes bid fair to worry me into my grave before my prime, and the fourth is at least of vital importance, as the flavour of coffee may certainly be marred, if not made, in the drying, they are but the prelude to what is eventually done to it before you critically sup it and declare it to be good or bad. Women and children pick it over by hand, separating it into different classes; it is then run through one machine that divests it of its parchment covering; another, with the uncanny precision of mindless things, gropes for beans that happen to be of exactly the same shape, wonderfully finds them, and drops them into their respective places; while at the same time it is throwing out every bean that either nature or the dispulping machine has in the slightest degree mutilated. The sensitiveness and apperception of this iron and wooden box far exceed my own. Often I am unable to see the differ-

ence between the beans it has chosen to disgorge into one sack and the beans it has relegated to another — to feel the justice of its irrevocable decisions. But they are always just, and every bean it drops into the defective sack will be found, upon examination, to be defective. Then there is still another machine for polishing the bean — rubbing off the delicate tissue-paper membrane that covers it inside of the parchment. This process does not affect the flavour. In fact, nothing affects the flavour of coffee after it has once been dried; but the separation and polishing give it what is known to the trade as "style." And in the trade there is as much poppy-cock about coffee as there is about wines and cigars. When you telephone to your grocer for a mixture of Mocha and Java, do you by any chance imagine that you are going to receive coffee from Arabia and the Dutch islands? What you do receive, the coffee kings alone know. There are, I have been told, a few sacks of real Mocha in the United States, just as there are a few Vandykes and Holbeins; but if you are very lucky indeed, the Mocha in your mixture will have been grown in Mexico.

Is there any other quality than its concreteness and orderliness to which this selection owes its interest? Anything else to which it is indebted for its attractiveness? In addition to its concreteness and its order, and to the fact that its background is what to us is a somewhat mysterious country, the interest and attractiveness are due also to *tone*. It is a tone of familiarity; familiarity with both subject-matter and the reader. The familiarity is that of friendliness, a sort of personal intimacy,— not mere acquaintance, assuredly not indifference.

We should object to this familiarity in certain writers and in the development of certain kinds of sub-

jects by any writer. We require of a writer, in certain connections, that his tone shall be one of dispassionate acquaintanceship; we require that dispassionate acquaintanceship shall be shown in relation to the subject, and that the attitude towards the reader shall be one as nearly impersonal as possible. Such dispassionate acquaintanceship and impersonal treatment we find in No. 77 of the *Federalist,* in which Alexander Hamilton states the wisdom of the provisions in Sec. 2 of Clause II of Article 2 of the Constitution.

IV

DICTION

Occasionally a writer gains his ends by combining the exercise of specially strong powers in the handling of all these elements of style,— careful order, ample concreteness, fitting tone, and apt and inevitable diction. Consider the following, rather argumentative, passage from Ruskin,—

> We know more certainly every day, that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction. But the evil is not for the time less fearful because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should

be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternation of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the House of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

This is equally as concrete as the essay by Huxley on "The Method of Scientific Investigation," but its concreteness is pictorial, not the concreteness of examples which are intended to aid the exposition by appealing to information already common. The concreteness of Ruskin is not so much of analogies or examples as it is of the pictorial aspects of the subject matter itself. In addition to its concreteness, the attractiveness of this passage is due also to its tone, its order, and its *diction.* The tone is one of impassioned conviction, and this, when presented in logical order and with masterly diction, is always impressive and moving. The order is distinctly Ruskinian, precisely an illustration of what M. Buffon meant by style,— the order of thought natural to the individual man's mind. First, personal conviction; then, a universal point of view;

next, operations in the phenomenology of nature; fourth, the relations of evil and good; and finally, degrees of greatness in men determined by the nature of their sensible and emotional apprehension of the purposes of nature,— a reader of Ruskin would at once recognise this as an outline of what would probably come from Ruskin at any moment. The march of his thought is almost uniformly in this direction, with logical harmony of ideas, with rhythmic cadence of phrase and sentence, both working together to a spiritual climax. Few men have had even an approach to Ruskin's ability to concentrate profusion of material into point, or to accumulate a mere collection of inert matter into orderly structure. The petty writer would be overwhelmed by the multitudinous knowledge which thronged Ruskin's mind; the power of this man lay in the strength of analysis which made it possible to find where each detail would fit. Few trained readers, at least, fail to-day to find him clear; and he is increasingly recognised to have been, not a thirteenth century mystic revived, but one who was in political economy as well as in art criticism a generation ahead of his time. It was chiefly this power of analysis that put him so much ahead of his contemporaries.

Ruskin's diction aids greatly in establishing and holding the attention of the reader. His words belong to the spheres of the thought of which he at any given time writes,— nature, æsthetics, religion,— and the words are so artistically placed that sound and movement and sense are inseparably convolved. His diction is apt and inevitable and yet unexpected, " with a mas-

tery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature."

Sound and movement unquestionably make a part of the total resultant sense in all good writing. One needs but to read Frederick Harrison upon Ruskin as a master of prose, in his *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates,* to be convinced of the relation of sound to sense. And one does not need to confine himself to the usual examples from Ruskin, and Walter Pater, and the Brontës, for illustration of the movement of rhythm in English prose. It is everywhere, in all good prose. In Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey* of Homer, we read,—

> Therewith she dived beneath the heaving sea, but I betook me to the ships where they stood in the sand, and my heart was darkly troubled as I went. But after I had come down to the ship and to the sea, and we had made ready our supper, and immortal night had come on, then did we lay us to rest upon the sea-beach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, in that hour I walked by the shore of the wide-wayed sea, praying instantly to the gods; and I took with me three of my company, in whom I trusted most of every enterprise.

Picking up even a volume of Matthew Arnold and turning to the essay upon "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," a half dozen random glances present the following,—

> What is at present the bane of
> Practical considerations cling to it
> Miss the chance now given to it
> Organs of criticism are organs of

. . .

> Practical ends are the first thing
> Play of mind as is compatible.—

The recurring beat of the rhythm is unmistakable there.

Ruskin said things worth while concerning diction, as well as employed it skilfully. Of course, that is what places him so well at the head of nineteenth century English prose writers, that he said so much that is worth while.

"Certainly," he remarks, "it is excellent discipline for an author to feel that he must say all he has to say in the fewest possible words, or his reader is sure to skip them; and in the plainest possible words, or his reader will certainly misunderstand them."

In that are the two principles of apt and telling diction; the fewest possible words to adequate expression, and the simplest possible to adequate impression. These principles of number and plainness are very commonly misunderstood, and, therefore, very commonly misapplied. It is true that the masters of language are quite apt to play with it; yet he who is not a master of words, he who is not gifted with a ready command of words, is likely to think that the principle of number of words is the fewest words, and not the fewest possible. "Possible" implies possible to something, to some end desired. The fewest possible to such an end may not be a small number. Here, for example, is one sentence from Lockhart's *Life of Burns*,—

> It needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either

clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; over-powered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble,— nay to tremble visibly,— beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit, in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had erelong no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.

Lockhart's sentence, to tell what should be told, could hardly be shorter.

Ruskin himself has a sentence famous for its length, in volume II of *Modern Painters*. He is talking of the desire for and conception of Beauty even among men of

impious and unreflecting spirit, and illustrates his idea thus,—

There is in all works of such men a taint and stain, and jarring discord, darker and louder exactly in proportion to the moral deficiency; of which the best proof and measure are to be found in their treatment of the human form (since in landscape it is nearly impossible to introduce definite expression of evil), of which the highest beauty has been attained only once, and then by no system-taught painter, but by a most holy Dominican monk of Fiesole: and beneath him all fall lower and lower in proportion to their inferior sanctity (though with more or less attainment of that which is noble, according to their intellectual power and earnestness), as Raffaelle in his St. Cecilia (a mere study of a passionate, dark-eyed, large-formed Italian model); and even Perugino, in that there is about his noblest faces a short-coming, indefinable; an absence of the full outpouring of the sacred spirit that there is in Angelico; traceable, I doubt not, to some deficiencies and avaricious flaws of his heart, whose consequences in his conduct were such as to give Vasari hope that his lies might stick to him (for the contradiction of which in the main, if there be not contradiction enough in every line that the hand of Perugino drew, compare Rio; and note also what Rio has singularly missed observing, that Perugino, in his portrait of himself in the Florence Gallery, has put a scroll into the hand, with the words "Timete Deum," thus surely indicating what he considered his duty and message): and so all other even of the sacred painters, not to speak of the lower body of men in whom, on the other hand, there is marked sensuality and impurity in all that they seek in beauty, as in Correggio and Guido; or, on the other, a partial want of the sense of beauty itself, as in Rubens and Titian, exhibited in the adoption of coarse types of features and form; sometimes, also (of which I

could find instances in modern times), by a want of evidence of delight in what they do; so that, after they have rendered some passage of exceeding beauty, they will suffer some discordant point to interfere with it, and it will not hurt them; as if they had no pleasure in that which was best, but had done it in inspiration that was not profitable to them; as deaf men might touch an instrument with a feeling in their heart, which yet returns not outwardly upon them, and so know not when they play false; and sometimes by total want of choice, for there is a choice of love in all rightly tempered men; not that ignorant and insolent choice which rejects half nature as empty of the right, but that pure choice that fetches the right out of everything; and where this is wanting, we may see men walking up and down in dry places, finding no rest; ever and anon doing something noble and yet not following it up, but dwelling the next instant on something impure or profitless with the same intensity and yet impatience, so that they are ever wondered at and never sympathised with, and while they dazzle all they lead none; and then, beneath these again, we find others on whose works there are definite signs of evil desire ill repressed, and then inability to avoid, and at last perpetual seeking for, and feeding upon, horror and ugliness, and filthiness of sin; as eminently in Salvator and Caravaggio, and the lower Dutch Schools, only in these last less painfully as they lose the villainous in the brutal, and the horror of crime in its idiocy.

These, perhaps, are the fewest possible *words* in which any one could have well said what Ruskin is saying; but there must be in our minds much question whether the facts might have been better said in more than one *sentence:* though, in order to get them under way, a larger number of sentences would have made necessary a few more words.

Many a section of *Modern Painters* would repay analysis by the student in the light of what De Quincey in his *Autobiography* wrote of the secrets of prose composition. "The two capital secrets in the art of prose composition are these: first, the philosophy of transition and connexion, or the art by which one step in an evolution of thought is made to arise out of another: all fluent and effective composition depends on the connexions: secondly, the way in which sentences are made to modify each other; for the most powerful effects in written eloquence arise out of the reverberation, as it were, from each other in a rapid succession of sentences; and, because some limitation is necessary to the length and complexity of sentences, in order to make this interdependency felt; hence it is that the Germans have no eloquence. The construction of German prose tends to such immoderate length of sentences that no effect of inter-modification can ever be apparent. Each sentence, stuffed with innumerable clauses of restriction, and other parenthetical circumstances, becomes a separate section.— an independent whole." But De Quincey has been surpassed in severe criticism of the involved style. For the sharpest and most penetrating arraignment of the stupid, impolite, and often inveterate habit of self-interruption in the process of sentence building, one should read Arthur Schopenhauer's lively, though somewhat personally bitter, essay on "Style" in the group of essays translated under the general title of *The Art of Literature*.

The fewest words Hazlitt could get into one of his sentences is probably the largest number in any printed

English sentence,— eight hundred and forty-eight; but that sentence was an attempt to describe comprehensively, to give one unified impression of the content of the mind of Samuel Taylor Coleridge: and, while it may seem a bit of grotesquerie to refuse to grant, as Hazlitt seems to refuse to grant, that unity can not be gained in a larger phase of structural composition than the sentence, yet surely the mind of Coleridge could hardly be compassed in less than eight hundred and forty-eight words, and, furthermore, nothing short of a style coloured with some sort of grotesquerie could adequately suggest the content of that teeming mind. The fact is that short sentences often mean insignificant content. This is Hazlitt's sentence,—

Next, he was engaged with Hartley's tribes of mind, "etherial braid, thought-woven,"— and he busied himself for a year or two with vibrations and vibratiuncles, and the great law of association that binds all things in mystic chain, and the doctrine of Necessity (the mild teacher of Charity) and the Millennium, anticipative of a life to come — and he plunged deep into the controversy of Matter and Spirit, and, as an escape from Dr. Priestly's Materialism, where he felt himself imprisoned by the logician's spell, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree, he became suddenly enamoured by Bishop Berkeley's fairy-world, and used in all companies to build the universe, like a brave poetical fiction, of fine words — and he was deep-read in Malebranche and in Cudworth's *Intellectual System* (a huge pile of learning, unwieldy, enormous) and in Lord Brooke's hieroglyphic theories, and in Bishop Butler's Sermons, and in the Duchess of Newcastle's fantastic folios, and in Clarke and South and Tillotson, and all the fine thinkers and masculine reasoners of that age — and Leibnitz's *Pre-established Harmony*

reared its arch above his head, like the rainbow in the cloud, convenanting with the hopes of man — and then he fell plump, ten thousand fathoms down (but his wings saved him harmless) into the *hortus siccus* of Dissent, where he pared religion down to the standard of reason, and stripped faith of mystery, and preached Christ crucified and the Unity of the Godhead, and so dwelt for a while in the spirit with John Huss and Jerome of Prague and Socinus and old John Zisca, and ran through Neal's history of the Puritans and Calamy's *Non-Conformists' Memorial,* having like thoughts and passions with them — but then Spinoza became his God, and he took up the vast chain of being in his hand, and the round world became the centre and the soul of things in some shadowy sense, forlorn of meaning, and around him he beheld the living traces and the sky-pointing proportions of the mighty Pan — but poetry redeemed him from this spectral philosophy, and he bathed his heart in beauty, and gazed at the golden light of heaven, and drank of the spirit of the universe, and wandered at eve by fairy-stream or fountain,

> "— When he saw nought but beauty,
> When he heard the voice of that Almighty One
> In every breeze that blew or wave that murmured "—

and wedded with truth in Plato's shade, and in the writings of Proclus and Plotinus saw the ideas of things in the eternal mind, and unfolded all mysteries with the Schoolmen and fathomed the depths of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, and entered the third heaven with Jacob Behmen, and walked hand in hand with Swedenborg through the pavilions of the New Jerusalem, and sang his faith in the promise and in the word in his *Religious Musings* — and, lowering himself from that dizzy height, poised himself on Milton's wings, and spread out his thoughts in charity with the glad prose of Jeremy Taylor, and wept over Bowles's Sonnets, and studied Cowper's blank verse, and betook him-

self to Thomson's *Castle of Indolence,* and sported with the wits of Charles the Second's days and of Queen Anne, and relished Swift's style and that of the John Bull (Arbuthnot's we mean, not Mr. Croker's) and dallied with the British Essayists and Novelists, and knew all qualities of more modern writers with a learned spirit, Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Junius, and Burke, and Godwin, and the Sorrows of Werther, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Marivaux, and Crebillon, and thousands more — now "laughed with Rabelais in his easy chair," or pointed to Hogarth, or afterwards dwelt on Claude's classic scenes, or spoke with rapture of Raphael, and compared the women at Rome to figures that had walked out of his pictures, or visited the Oratory of Pisa, and described the works of Giotto and Ghirlandaio and Massaccio, and gave the moral of the picture of the Triumph of Death, where beggars and the wretched invoke his dreadful dart, but the rich and mighty of the earth quail and shrink before it; and in that land of siren sights and sounds, saw a dance of peasant girls, and was charmed with lutes and gondolas,— or wandered into Germany and lost himself in the labyrinths of the Hartz Forest and the Kantian philosophy, and amongst the cabalistic names of Fichte and Schelling and Lessing, and God knows who — this was long after, but all the former while he had nerved his heart and filled his eyes with tears, as he hailed the rising orb of Liberty, since quenched in darkness and in blood, and had kindled his affection at the blaze of the French Revolution, and sang for joy when the towers of the Bastille and the proud places of the insolent and the oppressor fell, and would have floated his bark, freighted with fondest fancies, across the Atlantic wave with Southey and others to seek for peace and freedom: —

"In Philharmonia's undivided dale!"

The sentence is worth close study for its most mar-

vellous rhythm. And the length of the sentence is not serious —"Half a dozen stones rising out of a brook," says Walter Savage Landor, "give the passenger more trouble than a plank across it."

The fewest possible in conversation in fiction may be garrulousness itself, because it may require that sort of talk to do what is desired, and it does in the case of Miss Bates in Jane Austen's *Emma,* who is endless in her volubility and yet is as sheer and unalloyed in her talk as is the man most austere in words.

In the statement of the second principle of diction, the use of the plainest possible words, plainness, simplicity, does not mean the utmost possible barrenness. That is simplest in language which is most richly able to express fully the meaning desired to be expressed.

The language of the writers of the English of the so-called Irish Renaissance is simplicity itself. The reader of J. M. Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* or *Riders to the Sea,* or *The Shadow of the Glen,* feels at once and vividly that here more is meant than meets the eye, and yet that all is said which it is *possible* to say. He feels that the stark and near-run diction and phrasing of the primitive and suffering peasant, pure, single as their diction and phrasing is, is yet, in every word of it, marked with true "magnanimity of the meaning." "O'er-swelling with significance" this language is,— that is its characteristic. Even the mouthings to the world and to himself of the Philosopher in James Stephens's (another of this Irish group) *Crock of Gold* are clean-cut and restrained as compared with what they might easily have been; and they are always clear!

The "fewest possible," therefore, means conciseness, — but profusion may be concise; that will depend upon what is to be expressed. The "simplest possible" means the best adapted to what it is intended to express; it means richness,—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty," "He that gathereth not with me scattereth,"— everything which is unnecessary to the explanation is an encumbrance, and everything that does not help forward to the solution is an interruption. The master of style shows in what he wisely suppresses.

Diction, then, to be simple need by no means be commonplace. Where there is any real thinking there is no commonplaceness. Thinking is a matter of comparisons, after all. It is all in some measure new, for each thing compared is at each succeeding moment not quite what it was the moment before, and therefore is never commonplace.

There is plenty of wording, of course, which represents no thinking upon the part of him who writes it, or practically none. There is the conventional phrasing or kind of wording which is indulged in because it is the accepted tradition to use conventional wording; and there is the kind of wording which the man at the non-thinking level employs, not merely in order to be "safe" as in the case of the writer according to tradition, but because the man at the non-thinking level is filled with admiration that he can use words which seem to make any sense at all. The first type is well illustrated by those historians and biographers who think they are thinking when they go on telling only what makes a

man or a movement in history, without ever dreaming that there have been many and hard things which have tended to prevent the man and the movement from becoming what each has become. Perhaps this type of the traditional language-user is worse than the merely non-thinking type, who is most excellently illustrated by the average writer of communications to local papers and by the average writer "for the occasion." These write as the Mother Goose rhymer,— though lacking his grace,—

> In a cottage in Fife
> Lived a man and his wife
> Who, believe me, were comical folk;
> For to people's surprise,
> They both saw with their eyes,
> And their tongues moved whenever they spoke.
> When they were asleep,
> I'm told,— that to keep
> Their eyes open they could not contrive;
> They walked on both their feet,
> And 'twas thought what they eat,
> Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive.

That conservative "I'm told" is most exquisite, most learned! Here is your writer arriving at the stage of wonder at his own powers, and yet determined, prudential thinker that he is, to be cautious! Too much of that which gets into print is gross with commonplaceness. It is commonplace often because of its extreme brevity alone. It is brief because its writers are scant of spirit. The average student, be it said, despite the common opinion and the occasional sad example, rarely writes at sufficient length to give an *adequate* idea of

what is the content of his mind. He has heard that brevity is the soul of wit, and that commonplace saying has frightened the wits out of him. Brevity, he thinks, must mean the fewest, when in reality it means the fewest possible to adequate expression of the truth. Shreds, patches, scraps, are handed out in the brave endeavour to follow the advice of bold Cotton Mather,— "Be short." But the reader is left wondering if there really was anything in the writer's mind, for there is not enough represented for the reader's most disciplined powers of imagination to work upon in filling out the texture. The average student sins often enough in the attempt to "cover the ground" but he sins oftener in the attempt to "cover with shorts." Henry James may in the "definitive edition" of his work refine his language beyond our power, at times, to follow, but there are still lessons in style to be learned of him. His English is perhaps the most perfect of our day; and his analysis of life in fiction perhaps the most nearly perfect, too, and it is so partly because he dares to be lengthy.

In this wonderful instrument of power, the English language, it is not the source from which the words are derived that determines the power; it is the use to which the words are put. The following is effective use:

> Our tests, investigations, experiments, and comparisons demonstrated conclusively to us that a four cylinder engine, designed with the skill and executed with the precision which characterises the . . . engine — and scientifically balanced, affords the highest degree of all round efficiency possible to attain.
>
> These tests further demonstrated that with such an

engine, in conjunction with a properly designed two-speed axle, there is obtained an extraordinary range of operating flexibility, an extraordinary reduction of friction, an extraordinary degree of operation and maintenance economy, an extraordinary degree of luxurious riding qualities, and a reduction of vibration, particularly at high speeds, almost to the vanishing point.

It is evident from what source these words are drawn, — Latin; and it is a curious commentary upon those who insist upon "pure Saxon" for forcefulness, that this advertisement of an automobile should contain so little of anything like Saxon.

V

IMPORTANCE OF STYLE

There is abundant opportunity for the practice of good style. In the business or social correspondence of the average man and woman there is demand for the best of style. John Stuart Mill said,—"To me it appears a weighty matter to write a letter; there is scarcely anything that we do which requires a more complete possession of our faculties in their greatest freshness and vigour." Then, if the non-literary man or woman thinks it too much labour to correct and revise his or her work and that the "genius" must be one who does not have to do so, the story of Balzac's proofs may help a trifle: "From every substantive, verb, and adjective that he had written rose a thin rocket line of ink, to burst at its end into a corruscation of new substantives, verbs, and adjectives that he preferred to those he had at first thought so good."

In all of this, it is not merely the technique, that is, the handling of the minute details, which is important; but the keeping in mind the form, that is, the direction of the developing idea as a whole. It is true that to many a reader the form of what he reads is negligible, its function being all that interests him. It is true also that many an amateur writer is impatient of form, of organisation. But just as the most scrupulously careful assembling of the parts of a machine is necessary to its performing any function whatever, and as the anatomy and organisation of the animal are absolutely vital to its character and functions, so it is of discourse, that it is what it is and does what it does because its parts have been organised in the writer's mind and have been carefully assembled into definite form.

As a general thing, the unpractised writer would more quickly become expert if he were not, so much as he is, influenced by more or less standardised and conventional forms. The forms of the novel, of the drama, of the short-story, of the sonnet, of the argumentative essay, of the speech for a debate, even of a descriptive sketch, have been so carefully and elaborately worked out in treatises and text-books that the beginner fears to construct his production upon any lines but those prescribed. We are all, in every activity of life, too much influenced by methods already successful. Shelley referred to the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of memory, and deplored that no one of the nine was ever said to be the daughter of invention. There is danger in veneration for forms that have succeeded, the danger that we may become uninventive and

stereotyped. The psychology of man does not change a great deal, and therefore the methods of appeal to man's mind alter but slightly from age to age; but they do alter, for there is some growth, some change, in all mental phenomena, and there should be a corresponding development in the methods of organising and controlling our ways of communication.

VI

STYLE AND MATTER

A perfect style would be perfect control of matter to a certain definite end. There is no such thing as a perfect style, of course, but it may be approached. Much of what is called style in authors is only mannerism. Style is manner, but it is not mannerism. Style is the man's relatively perfect manner of controlling his matter. When the writer is controlling only himself, instead of his subject-matter, when he is guiding himself in a certain conscious manner, conscious most of all of the effect he hopes to have upon the reader, there results mannerism. Laurence Sterne, for example, in the bulk of his book entitled *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy,* is constantly indulging in the display of mannerism. "The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady — his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest son was at the other extreme of the line next his mother — he put his handkerchief to his face twice — There was a dead silence." One does feel keyed up, and yet is jerked

hither and yon, his mind bumped against this, then that, then another thing, with no centring of attention, for longer than a moment, upon any one thing. A slight illustration this is, but reading many pages in Sterne gives the decided impression of a most trifling mannerism. Yet when Sterne forgets himself and his audience, and writes with attention concentrated upon subject-matter,— his control all centred there,— he has an almost perfect style. "There is no more masterly page of English prose," says Lowell, "than that in the *Sentimental Journey* describing the effect of the chorus, 'O Cupid, King of Gods and Men' on the people of Abdera." The town of Abdera had been so vile and so profligate, such a place for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations, libels, pasquinades, and tumults, that there was no going there by day, and it was worse by night. But here was what happened, according to this page of Sterne, after a recitation by the poet,—

Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address —"O Cupid, prince of God and men"— in every street of Abdera, in every home —"O Cupid! Cupid!"— in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or not — nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men!"— The fire caught — and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of helebore — not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death — Friendship and Virtue met together and kiss'd each other in the street — the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera — every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple

web, and chastely sat her down and listened to the song —

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

The diction in this passage, is, perhaps, better than even the Biblical English, for it is under no necessity to conform itself to the forms of ideas already expressed and generally accepted, as in a translation, such as the King James Version, there always is this necessity. Sterne is himself here, and is writing with perfect spontaneity; and no writer, until he has practised up to spontaneity of expression, will attain excellence in himself or be able fully to appreciate excellence in the writings of others. One may fancy he sees in this statement the eartip of treachery to our former urgency to scientific method; but we are not treacherous, for just as it makes less difference what a man owns than how he got his gains, so it makes less difference what a man knows than how he achieved his knowledge; and, furthermore, it often makes much less difference what a man says than how he says it. But the thing which makes most difference of all is that a man shall have perfect control of his subject-matter. He will then scarcely know how he is saying a thing; it will seem to say itself; it probably will be true that, however his expression may be disciplined, the ideas at the last, as in the song of the nightingale, will with

> "fledged notes at length forsake their nests,
> Fluttering in wanton shoals,"—

but they will be effective, because they will be sincere.

VII

SELECTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF STYLE

1. Science is, I believe, nothing but *trained and organised common sense,* differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit; and its methods differ from those of common sense only so far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club. The primary power is the same in each case, and perhaps the untutored savage has the more brawny arm of the two. The *real* advantage lies in the point and polish of the swordsman's weapon; in the trained eye quick to spy out the weakness of the adversary; in the ready hand prompt to follow it on the instant. But, after all, the sword exercise is only the hewing and poking of the clubman developed and perfected.

So the vast results won by Science are won by no mystical faculties, by no mental processes other than those which are practised by every one of us in the humblest and meanest affairs of life. A detective policeman discovers a burglar from the marks made by his shoes, by a mental process identical with that by which Cuvier restored the extinct animals of Montmartre from fragments of their bones. Nor does that process of induction and deduction by which a lady, finding a stain of a peculiar kind upon her dress, concludes that somebody has upset the inkstand thereon, differ in any way, in kind, from that by which Adams and Leverrier discovered a new planet.

The man of science, in fact, simply uses with scrupulous exactness the methods which we all, habitually and at every moment, use carelessly; and the man of business must avail himself of the scientific method — must be as truly a man of science — as the veriest bookworm of us all.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

2. Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for the moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep. Scattered blocks of black stone, four-square remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars; the blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier,

melt into darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.

JOHN RUSKIN.

3. As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of humane action — a melancholy end for such a man [1] — like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambuscade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few indeed of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age — beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly to the grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and — strange that it should be so — this

1 John Davis, an Elizabethan seaman.

is the highest life of man. Look back along the names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth — whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves — one and all, their fate has been the same — the same bitter cup has been given them to drink; and so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men, and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away, in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honourable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the old Theban poet lived in them.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

4. We may look upon these mountains again and again from a dozen different points of view; a perennial glory surrounds them which associates with every new prospect fresh impressions. I had thought I had scarcely ever seen the Alps to greater advantage. Hardly ever was their majesty more fully revealed or more overpowering. The colouring of the air contributed as much to the effect as the grandeur of the masses on which that colouring fell. A calm splendour overspread the mountains, softening the harshness of the outlines without detracting from their strength. But half the interest of such scenes is psychological; the soul

takes the tint of the surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic.

And as I looked over this wondrous scene towards Mont Blanc, the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Dom, and the thousand lesser peaks which seemed to join in celebration of the risen day, I asked myself, as on previous occasions: How was this colossal work performed? Who chiselled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth? And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty — with the vigour of a thousand worlds within him — the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain-slopes, thus giving gravity a plough to open the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty monuments, rolling them gradually seawards,

Sowing the seeds of continents to be;

so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau.

JOHN TYNDALL.

5. The generality of princes, if they were stripped of their purple and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity. But the personal merit of Julian was, in some measure, independent of his fortune. Whatever had been his choice of life, by the force of intrepid courage, lively wit, and intense

application, he would have obtained, or at least he would have deserved, the highest honours of his profession; and Julian might have raised himself to the rank of minister or general of the State in which he was born a private citizen. If the jealous caprice of power had disappointed his expectations, if he had prudently declined the paths of greatness, the employment of the same talents in studious solitude would have placed beyond the reach of kings his present happiness and his immortal fame. When we inspect with minute, or perhaps malevolent, attention the portrait of Julian, something seems wanting to the graces and perfection of the whole figure. His genius was less powerful and sublime than that of Cæsar, nor did he possess the consummate prudence of Augustus. The virtues of Trajan appear more steady and natural and the philosophy of Marcus is more simple and consistent. Yet Julian sustained adversity with firmness, and prosperity with moderation. After an interval of one hundred and twenty years from the death of Alexander Severus, the Romans beheld an Emperor who made no distinction between his duties and his pleasures, who laboured to relieve the distress and to revive the spirit of his subjects, and who endeavoured always to connect authority with merit, and happiness with virtue. Even faction, and religious faction, was constrained to acknowledge the superiority of his genius, in peace as well as in war, and to confess, with a sigh, that the apostate Julian was a lover of his country, and that he deserved the empire of the world.

EDWARD GIBBON.

6. All the materials and the physical process which the artist uses — take our English language as used in poetry for an example — has been elaborated and refined, and, so to speak, consecrated by ages of adaptation and application in which it has been fused and blended with feeling — and it carries the life-blood of all this endeavour in its veins; and that is how, as we have said over and over again, feelings get their embodiment, and embodiments get their feeling. If you try to cut the thought and fancy loose from the body of the stuff in which it moulds its pictures and poetic ideas and musical constructions, you impoverish your fancy, and arrest its growth, and reduce it to a bloodless shade. When I pronounce even a phrase so commonplace in itself as "Rule Britannia!" the actual vibrations of the sound, the bodily experience I am aware of in saying it, is alive with the history of England which passed into the words in the usage and formation of the language. Up to a certain point, language is poetry ready-made for use.

BERNARD BOSANQUET.

7. Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work,* we haven't any of any consequence. We have the St. Vitus' dance and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of en-

gagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might also say, but would all forsake and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,— or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe"— and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the postoffice. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life — I wrote this some years ago — that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a

newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, murdered, or killed by accident, or of one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter — we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all *news,* as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit it and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was such a rush, as I hear, the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressure — news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth or twelve years beforehand with sufficient accuracy. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta, and Don Pedro, and Seville, and Granada, from time to time in the right proportions — they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers — and serve up a bull-fight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter, and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers: and as for England, almost the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649; and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year, you need never attend to that thing again, unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character. If one may judge

who rarely looks into the newspapers, nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French Revolution not excepted.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

CHAPTER VI

Reporting and Interpreting

I

WHAT THEY ARE

Lowell said, "One, at least, of the objects of writing is (or was) to be read, and, other things being equal, the best writers are those who make themselves most easily readable."

While we have, in this book, given much attention to the anatomy of expository discourse, we have tried also, while discussing its purpose and its vital processes, to make it evident that, to be easily readable, exposition must be clear and must be interesting. The English word "interesting" was not used until the eighteenth century; then for the first time, with its present meaning, in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. Unquestionably it is a more and more insistent word in our day. To be interesting is not always easy. The writer who would be interesting must be willing, in his work, to choose the line of greatest advantage rather than follow the line of least resistance.

Exposition must be scientific, and any man is writing scientifically if he is classifying facts of any kind and at the same time is showing their mutual relations and

describing their sequences. Only in doing so can he be clear. Science becomes artistic when it satisfies the demand of the æsthetic judgment for harmony between representation and the thing represented, that is, when science is convincing of truth in what science says. Continual gratification of the æsthetic judgment in this respect is one of the chief rewards in the pursuit of scientific studies. It is most difficult to say when this gratification passes from the intellectual into the emotional state; perhaps the line between the two is not fixed in our equipment. If a true work of art is a brief statement, a statement in a simple formula or by means of a few symbols, of that in which we find concentrated a wide range of human emotions, most exposition can not be artistic in this, the true sense. But, as we have suggested, art consists in a harmonious statement or representation of what is seen in its relationships and sequences,— and that sort of statement exposition is constantly trying to make. There is little or no reason why practically every exposition, whose subject-matter is of any importance whatever, should not captivate the imagination as well as appeal to the reason. The captivating of the imagination is accomplished by doing what it is the function of pure science to do, namely, to discover and formulate the laws or formulas from which a whole group of facts is seen to flow. It is the business of science to replace isolated phenomena as they appear in our minds by a formula which includes within itself a wide range of relationships. That is the function, also, of the creative imagination. That is what the

writer does when he engages himself in interpretative writing.

It is the business of the reporter to place before the reader the isolated phenomena, after he has accurately observed those phenomena. The writing of the good reporter will show that in observing the facts he has in his mind accurately classified them; it will show that he has gone through the formal processes of reasoning which alone result in such accurate classification. The reporter is a scientist in so far as he is endeavouring to ascertain truth in any possible branch of knowledge. That man is, however, a higher sort of scientist, a creative scientist, who shows that the truths found can be classified into systems independent of the individual thinker.

It is the function of any one of the forms of discourse to arouse in the reader a state of mind which is characterised by a certain rather definite condition. In the case of narrative, the condition is one of perception that events have been succeeding each other in the passage of time; in description, it is a picture-seeing condition of mind; in argument, it is a condition of conviction as to the truth or falsity of a statement specifically made at the outset, and frequently leading to a course of action upon the part of the one convinced. In exposition the state of mind to be aroused is one in which the reader finally recognises that there has come to him release of mental tension, a tension which, upon analysis, will prove to have been caused by the ambiguity, the vagueness, or the obscurity of the ideas which the reader pre-

viously had in connection with the subject handled in the exposition.

Since it is the purpose of exposition to release this mental tension, exposition does not often consist of the mere reporting of facts, the mere statement of a list of isolated phenomena. It is quite true that the facts often "explain themselves" so that their origin and purport need no setting forth; but in the state of ignorance which oppresses most of us human beings, facts do not so often do so in relation to but a few restricted experiences. Therefore, exposition is usually interpretation,— or rather it is a combination of reporting and interpreting.

Of course, however, the greatest triumphs of authorship are sometimes achieved by so cataloguing simplest facts that significance is immediate and powerful. Who could separate from moving significance the itemised schedule of Olivia's beauty, as it is reported in *Twelfth Night, or What You Will?* — "item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth." Or what a world of heart-ache after heart-leap is significantly latent in the relatively perfect though bare statement of anatomical details in Browning's specifications for the painting of

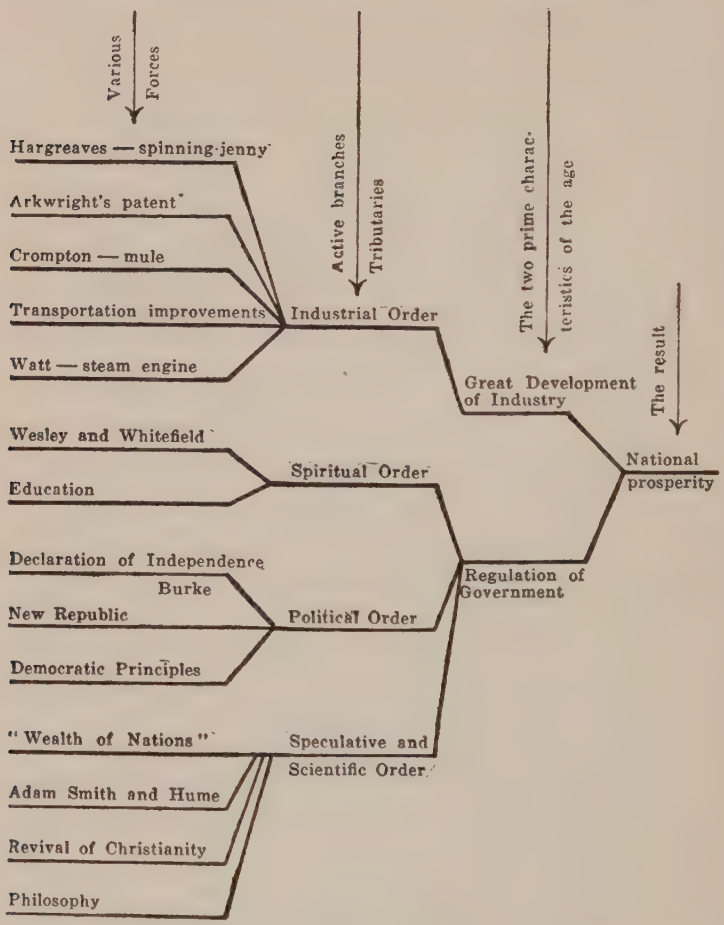
A FACE

If one could have that little head of hers
  Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's art prefers!
  No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
  In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,

For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's
Burthen of honey-coloured buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:
But these are only massed there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That's the pale ground you'd see this sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

To report is to present the facts; to interpret is to present the meaning of the "facts." For example, if we define a "thing" as "a system of relations," or even if we go farther and state what those relations are, we are reporting the facts. But if we go still farther and express the suggestiveness, the allusiveness, the purport of those relations, then we are interpreting the facts.

The simple matter of arrangement, of stating the facts in accordance with the logical law of contiguity, frequently serves as an interpretation, as in the accompanying example on page 160, which is a graphical analysis of a portion of a chapter of Morley's *Edmund Burke:*



The reason for the general lack of credence in the reporter, whether in the daily newspaper or in the scientific journal, is that he can not keep himself from interpretation even though he has rarely taken the time necessary to warrant drawing generalisations from his

isolated fragments of observation. The editorial comment in a metropolitan daily during the early days of the European War, "What a lot of ships there are nowadays floating around with five million dollars in their holds!" is sufficient to indicate that the reporter of what are called "facts" needs often to have stand between him and the reader some one who can interpret the alleged facts by the application of the principles of probability.

II

THE WAY THEY SHOW THEMSELVES

The normal manner of the mind's reaction to its experience is a combination of perception of facts and of reasoning about them; and so the normal manner of writing exposition is a combination of reporting and interpreting. In a page and a half of a little book entitled *Dramatic Values,*[1] a little book every page of which is stimulating, Mr. C. E. Montague reports the actor George Robey in action and interprets the acting, — as follows: —

Mr. Robey's range of characterisation, like that of most of his peers at the halls, is very small, but the study is diabolically intimate, and the execution edged and finished like a cut jewel. He will come on the stage first as that veteran theme, the middle-aged toper in black, frock-coated, tieless and collarless, leering with imbecile knowingness, Stiggins and Bardolph and Ally Sloper in one, his face all bubuckles and welks and knobs and flames o' fire. He will end as the equally trite old woman, also of bibulous aspect, also half cunning, half crazy, a scold, farcical with relics

1 Published by the Macmillan Company.

of vanity, ugly as a gargoyle. Nothing could be staler than the matter, nothing more keen with fresh gusto than the craftsman's manner. In a sense Mr. Robey attempts nothing hard; he does not even sketch a character; he only isolates and caricatures a few odd traits. But the relatively easy task is done amazingly well. He will stand in midstage and suggest a dialogue with an invisible second person, he himself uttering no complete speeches, but only the trimmings of speech, the humming and hawing, grinning, bowing, odds and ends of suspensive or stimulatory "Yes" and "Oh, I see!" and "Oh, then," and yet the affluent expressiveness of each inflection and each twitch of a muscle makes everything radiantly clear. What he sings is naught; he might leave it out without taking much from the fun; as he has grown great his music has withered and his patter has grown more and more; the patter is everything now, and yet he says wonderfully little; first a word, and then he seems to detect some misplaced laugh in the audience, checks, bridles up, passes in pantomime from tantrum to tantrum, the gusts and squalls of temper coming and going in him visibly. You may call the topics outworn and trivial, the mere words insignificant, the humour metallic, rasping, or worse, but the art, within its limits, is not to be surpassed in its gleaming, elliptical terseness, the volumes it speaks in some instants, its suddenness, fire, and zest.

It may be false thinking which lies beneath the claim for interpretation that it is a power superior to the power of reporting. In fact, it is not subject to proof that the power to analyse experience as it comes and to report the details of experience from analytical observation is inferior to the synthetic power of interpretation. To interpret is to find a concept which is referable to a type, it is the power to generalise; but the power to see

the individual thing fully may, after all, be equal in importance to the power that begins with what has been perceived and then seeks a concept referable to a type.

The one who interprets is usually thought to exercise a higher mental power than he who reports only; but perhaps this is only because we are quite conscious of the balancing of probabilities in interpreting, while we know very little of the processes of the mind in simple observation, such as that of the one who desires to do nothing but report. The fact is that it is our power of observing the stages or steps in interpreting, and the power to report the processes of interpretation, that make it possible to think of interpretation as superior. We willingly accord the reporter, who has done his work well, a strong and stable faculty of organic vision. But we expect the interpreter to have, strongly developed, the faculty to reproduce in his own mind the record of literal faithfulness to fact, and *also* the faculty to consider concrete probability, abstract probability, and plausibility. We expect the interpreter to restore the literal fact into the intricate plexus of cause and effect from which it has been brought forth by the reporter. We expect him to be able to estimate the plausibility of those facts which are more external but over which the person or thing involved has little or no voluntary control, and, further, the plausibility which is within the realm of what we know to be purely subjective, or psychological. We expect the interpreter to be competent to consider cause and reason, or explanation, to be the same thing.

An interpretation is not a series of abstract statements

as opposed to reporting considered as the recording of literal facts. Many interpretations are concreteness itself. The Belgian dramatist and essayist Maeterlinck, believing that life is not all physical action, believing that it is not even altogether the sort of psychological action which brings the actors to physical expression, believing that the more universal life may be one close to inertness, attempts to explain his belief in this concrete way: "I have come to believe that an old man sitting in his armchair, waiting patiently with his lamp beside him, giving unconscious ear to all the external laws that reign about his house, interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light, submitting with bent head in the presence of his soul and his destiny — I have come to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or the husband who avenges his honour."

Charles Lamb, in a letter to Bernard Barton, May 15, 1824, writes an interpretation that is a very marvel of concreteness. The first half of the letter reads as follows — (of course, the "Robert" Blake referred to is William Blake),—

Dear B. B.,— I am oppressed with business all day and Company all night. But I will snatch a quarter of an hour. Your recent acquisitions of the Picture and the Letter are greatly to be congratulated.— I too have a picture of my father and the copy of his first Love verses, but they have been mine long. Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the

Robert Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid folio edition of the *Night Thoughts,* which you may have seen, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human form floating off God knows how from a lumpish mass (fac Simile to itself) left behind on the dying bed. He paints in water colours, marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain which he asserts that he has seen. They have great merit. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon — he has seen the Beautifullest, the Strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory (I have seen his paintings), and asserts them to be as good as the figures of Raphael and Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-visions and prophetic visions with himself. The painters in Oil (which he will have it that neither of them practised) he affirms to have been the ruin of art, and affirms that all the while he was engaged in his Water-paintings, Titian was disturbing him, Titian the Ill Genius of Oil Painting. His Pictures, one in particular, the Canterbury Pilgrims (far above Stothard's), have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them, with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them, but a friend at my desire procured the Sweep Song. There is one to a Tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning

> "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
> Thro' the deserts of the night"

which is glorious. But alas! I have not the Book, for the man is flown, whither I know not, to Hades, or a Mad House.— But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.[1]

[1] It is farther on in this letter that Lamb wrote, "I have written nothing now for near six months. It is in vain to spur me on.

Packed with fact and vivid with allusions, this letter is; the sort of writing marked especially by that richness which is Poe's test of art. And this allusiveness helps one not only to understand what Lamb is most intent upon,— William Blake,— but also mysteries in other books as well. For example, one who had read of the Most Beautiful, the Strongest, and the Ugliest Man only in Stephens's *Crock of Gold,* may have finished the book annoyed that he did not quite know who they were. But in this letter it is recalled who they were.

Concreteness to the extent of picturing, even, is of immense value to the writer whose purpose is primarily interpretation, as well as to the reporter. The pictured sentence is the best interpreter, to both the average and the most highly intelligent mind. One scarcely needs a context to understand that both a situation and a character are being interpreted in Giovanni's line, in Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca,*—

"I did not know the dead could have such hair."

The first half of the nineteenth century, as well as the whole of the eighteenth, was well equipped with brains and self-containment, despite Revolutions and Reform Bills and the lack of automobiles, aëroplanes, submersibles, and cinematographs. Charlotte Brontë was of that epoch. In the first volume of *Villette* she reports her visit to an art gallery. The report is contained in the chapter entitled "The Cleopatra." The entire chapter is largely given up to "that mulatto," but one paragraph will suffice:

I must wait. *I cannot write without a genial impulse,* and I have none."

It represented a woman, considerably larger, I thought, than the life. I calculated that this lady, put into a scale of magnitude suitable for the reception of a commodity of bulk, would infallibly turn from fourteen to sixteen stone. She was, indeed, extremely well fed: very much butcher's meat — to say nothing of bread, vegetables, and liquids — must she have consumed to attain that breadth and height, that wealth of muscle, that affluence of flesh. She lay half-reclined on a couch: why, it would be difficult to say; broad daylight blazed around her: she appeared in hearty health, strong enough to do the work of two plain cooks; she could not plead a weak spine; she ought to have been standing, or at least sitting bolt upright. She had no business to lounge away the noon on a sofa. She ought likewise to have worn decent garments; a gown covering her properly, which was not the case: out of abundance of material — seven-and-twenty yards, I should say, of drapery — she managed to make inefficient raiment. Then, for the wretched untidiness surrounding her, there could be no excuse. Pots and pans — perhaps I ought to say vases and goblets — were rolled here and there on the foreground; a perfect rubbish of flowers was mixed amongst them, and an absurd and disorderly mass of curtain upholstery smothered the couch and cumbered the floor. On referring to the catalogue, I found that this notable production bore name "Cleopatra."

While Miss Brontë's comparison, a little further on, of this full-fed flesh with "any other slug," may seem a trifle over-drawn, yet the whole chapter is delicious art criticism, vivid interpretation, as the chapter on "Vashti" in the second volume,— Vashti that "fallen, insurgent, banished" tigress,— is keen and exquisite dramatic criticism; yet the *manner* of presentation is, in the main, purely reportorial.

Lafcadio Hearn in the following selection from *Kotto,*[1] is much more the pure reporter than even Miss Brontë:

Many persons in Japan earn their living during the summer months by catching and selling fireflies: indeed, the extent of this business entitles it to be regarded as a special industry. The chief centre of this industry is the region about Ishiyama, in Goshū, by the Lake of Ōmi,— a number of houses there supplying fireflies to many parts of the country, and especially to the great cities of Ōsaka and Kyōtō. From sixty to seventy firefly-catchers are employed by each of the principal houses during the busy season. Some training is required for the occupation. A tyro might find it no easy matter to catch a hundred fireflies in a single night; but an expert has been known to catch three thousand. The methods of capture, although of the simplest possible kind, are very interesting to see.

Immediately after sunset, the firefly-hunter goes forth, with a long bamboo pole upon his shoulder, and a long bag of brown mosquito-netting wound, like a girdle, about his waist. When he reaches a wooded place frequented by fireflies,— usually some spot where willows are planted, on the bank of a river or lake,— he halts and watches the trees. As soon as the trees begin to twinkle satisfactorily, he gets his net ready, approaches the most luminous tree, and with his long pole strikes the branches. The fireflies, dislodged by the shock, do not immediately take flight, as more active insects would do under like circumstances, but drop helplessly to the ground, beetle-wise, where their light — always more brilliant in moments of fear or pain — renders them conspicuous. If suffered to remain upon the ground for a few moments, they will fly away. But the catcher, picking them up with astonishing quickness, using both hands at once, deftly tosses them *into his mouth* — because he can-

[1] Published by the Macmillan Company.

not lose the time required to put them, one by one, into the bag. Only when his mouth can hold no more, does he drop the fireflies, unharmed, into the netting.

Thus the firefly-catcher works until about two o'clock in the morning,— the old Japanese hour of ghosts,— at which time the insects begin to leave the trees and seek the dewy soil. There they are said to bury their tails, so as to remain viewless. But now the hunter changes his tactics. Taking a bamboo broom, he brushes the surface of the turf, lightly and quickly. Whenever touched or alarmed by the broom, the fireflies display their lanterns, and are immediately nipped and bagged. A little before dawn, the hunters return to town.

At the firefly-shops the captured insects are sorted as soon as possible, according to the brilliancy of their light,— the more luminous being the higher-priced. Then they are put into gauze-covered boxes or cages, with a certain quantity of moistened grass in each cage. From one hundred to two hundred fireflies are placed in a single cage, according to the grade. To these cages are attached small wooden tablets inscribed with the names of customers,— such as hotel proprietors, restaurant-keepers, wholesale and retail insect-merchants, and private persons who have ordered large quantities of fireflies for some particular festivity. The boxes are despatched to their destinations by nimble messengers,— for goods of this class cannot be safely intrusted to express companies.

Great numbers of fireflies are ordered for display at evening parties in the summer season. A large Japanese guest-room usually overlooks a garden; and during a banquet or other evening entertainment, given in the sultry season, it is customary to set fireflies at liberty in the garden after sunset, that the visitors may enjoy the sight of the sparkling. Restaurant-keepers purchase largely. In the famous Dōtombori of Ōsaka, there is a house where myriads of fireflies are kept in a large space enclosed by

mosquito-netting; and customers of this house are permitted to enter the enclosure and capture a certain number of fireflies to take home with them.

The wholesale price of living fireflies ranges from three sen per hundred up to thirteen sen per hundred, according to season and quality. Retail dealers sell them in cages; and in Tokyō the price of a cage of fireflies ranges from three sen up to several dollars. The cheapest kind of cage, containing only three or four fireflies, is scarcely more than two inches square; but the costly cages — veritable marvels of bamboo work, beautifully decorated — are as large as cages for songbirds. Firefly cages of charming or fantastic shapes — model houses, junks, temple-lanterns, etc.,— can be bought at prices ranging from thirty sen up to one dollar.

Dead or alive, fireflies are worth money. They are delicate insects, and they live but a short time in confinement. Great numbers die in the insect-shops; and one celebrated insect-house is said to dispose every season of no less than five shō — that is to say, about one peck — of dead fireflies, which are sold to manufacturing establishments in Ōsaka. Formerly fireflies were used much more than at present in the manufacture of poultices and pills, and in the preparation of drugs peculiar to the practice of Chinese medicine. Even to-day some curious extracts are obtained from them; and one of these, called *Hotarunoabura*, or Firefly grease, is still used by woodworkers for the purpose of imparting rigidity to objects made of bent bamboo.

A very curious chapter on firefly medicine might be written by somebody learned in the old-fashioned literature. The queerest part of the subject is Chinese, and belongs much more to demonology than to therapeutics. Firefly-ointments used to be made which had power, it was alleged, to preserve a house from the attacks of robbers, to counteract the effect of any poison, and to drive away "the

hundred devils." And pills were made with firefly substance which were believed to confer invulnerability; — one kind of such pills being called *Kanshōgan,* or "Commander-in-Chief Pills"; and another, *Buigan,* or "Military-Power Pills."

Whether one can secure any response to questions asked of Japanese as to the truth of this exposition of an "industry" except in the form of smiles and shrugs, doesn't matter, for the passage has the air of reality, at least.

III

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

1. The following were clipped from journals. Is each "news" or an editorial? What should be its headline, or its title?

(a) A simple air played on the violoncello calls for a total expenditure of energy equal to two and three-quarter pounds per note, or more than four tons of energy for the single selection. This statement is vouched for by Prof. Poffenberger of Columbia university, who made some experiments in his laboratory with the aid of the famous Dutch cellist, Michael Penha.

A special apparatus is necessary to conduct the tests. Against the surface of a revolving carbon cylinder is suspended a chalked point which is actuated by a slender wire attached to the musician's finger. At each pressure the tension vibrates along the communicating connection and records the energy expended.

At a recent test Michael Penha at times raised the point to a distance equalling three pounds in weight, that being the record of the forefinger. The pressure alone required

to produce the characteristically luscious tones of a simple Bach aria averaged two and three-quarter pounds per note. The total energy expended amounted to 9,414 pounds, or more than four tons.

This same amount of energy would be sufficient to carry a labourer through his entire day's work. Yet it took but five minutes for the artist to exert the same amount of force.

(b) The Australian troops in Flanders have a reputation for eccentric military deportment. English comedy probably exaggerates the behaviour of these colonials, affectionately, but the Australians are distinctive or there would be no basis for comment. Their personal independence is noted even where Canadians have prepared English militarists to look for an individualism not strictly in keeping with military theories.

It is said of the Australians that they obey significant orders as well as any martinet could wish, but that their disregard for the aristocracy of war is complete. It is related that an English colonel complained to Gen. Birdwood of the Australian contingent that a sentry had failed to salute him. The general said it was not uncommon for the men to fail to salute him.

He said he had approached a sentry one day and had been amused to note that the soldier merely stared at him curiously and made no movement to acknowledge his presence. A shell came along and the sentry called out: "Duck, Birdie!" The outraged colonel asked what the general had done. "I ducked," said Birdwood.

England amuses itself with these stories of the Australians. A drawer of comics represented an Australian colonel imploring his men to make a show of discipline and military bearing for an English inspector who was descending upon them. He ended his appeal with: "And for the Lord's sake don't call me Alf!"

Possibly the military qualities of the Australians, which

are reputed to be of a high order, are not bettered by the disregard of certain conventions, but the interesting point is that the Australians are the only people in the British empire who have a system of universal military service.

When the British empire entered the war the Australasians were the only citizens in the empire who had submitted to compulsion. The opponents of conscription, when defeated on other arguments, say that it breaks down a democracy and establishes caste; that it deprives the individual of self-respect and independence.

The parts of the British empire which have conscription produce soldiers whose conduct outrages convention and amazes the militarists of the English free will system.

An army commanding the services of all of the people of a nation reflects the spirit of the nation. An army does not make a national spirit; it merely expresses it. A democratic nation will have a democratic army. Conscription merely makes the military system just and efficient. Conscription in a free people enslaves no one, merely treats everybody fairly.

2. The following selection is from H. G. Wells. Do you think the selection is complete, or is it a part of a larger whole? What would you say is the theme of the selection? Make a title for it.

Hitherto my only flights have been flights of imagination, but this morning I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up again, and I will go higher and further.

This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little fagged

and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing and not enough participation. Fifteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible — it affected my reputation unfavourably, and produced in a few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me thirteen years ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; it went up in a spiral and came down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

That was only thirteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. I was quite a desperate fellow; I said outright that in my lifetime we should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a distinguished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying-machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on its pitching *must* increase, until up went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the aëroplane wasn't "kicking up ahind and afore" it would be heeling over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our poor human equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start. . . .

Then we went on from those anticipations of swaying insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of flying. Most people who look down

from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many feel quite sickening dread. Even if men struggled high into the air, we asked, wouldn't they be smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? And, above all, wouldn't the pitching and tossing make them quite horribly seasick?

I have always been a little haunted by that last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity with which I got aboard the waterplane this morning — that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new experience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or pushes off for the first time down an ice-run. I thought I should very probably be seasick — or, to be more precise, airsick; I thought also that I might get thoroughly cold and uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There is nothing on earth to compare with that, unless — and that I can't judge — it is an ice-yacht travelling on perfect ice. The finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it.

To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating movement, leaping with a light splashing pat upon the water; from wave to wave. Then we came about into the wind, and rose; and, looking over, I saw that there were no longer those periodic flashes of white foam. I was flying. And it was as still and steady as dreaming.[1]

3. Write an exposition of the values of some commonplace thing,— some thing hitherto neglected in literature, it may be. Perhaps a little article from *Casual Essays of the Sun* may be suggestive:

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to

[1] From the *American Magazine*.

all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine*. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it "to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage," and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilisation together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plough. What is the plough but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could scratch the ground successfully now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a papercutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas metre, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, im-

provise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line, she would build a hut and make her coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionise surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.[1]

4. What is the leading idea set forth in the closing chapter of Pater's *Renaissance*,[2] here quoted? What relation does each paragraph sustain to that idea?

To regard all things and principles of things as in constant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without — our physical life. Fix upon it in one of its most exquisite intervals, the moment, for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives their names? But these elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres, are present not in the human body alone: we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them — the passage of the blood, the wasting and repairing of the lenses of the eye, the modification of the tissues of the brain under every ray of light and sound — processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements of which we are composed, the action of these forces extends beyond us: it rusts iron and ripens corn. Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven in

1 From the *Sun*, New York, May 19, 1902.
2 Published by the Macmillan Company.

many currents; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group them — a design in a web, the actual threads of which pass out beyond it. This at least of flame-like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.

Or if we begin with the inward world of thought and feelings, the whirpool is still more rapid, the flame more eager and devouring. There it is no longer the gradual darkening of the eye, the gradual fading of colour from the wall — movements of the shoreside, where the water flows down indeed, though in apparent rest — but the race of the mid-stream, a drift of momentary acts of sight and passion and thought. At first sight experience seems to bury us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and importunate reality, calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflection begins to play upon those objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like some trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of impressions — colour, odour, texture — in the mind of the observer. And if we continue to dwell in thought on this world, not of the objects in the solidity with which language invests them, but of impressions, unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them, it contracts still further: the whole scope of observation is dwarfed into the narrow chamber of the individual mind. Experience, already reduced to a group of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of these impressions is the impression of the individual

in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world. Analysis goes a step farther still, and assures us that those impressions of the individual mind to which, for each one of us, experience dwindles down, are in perpetual flight; that each of them is limited by time, and that as time is infinitely divisible, each of them is infinitely divisible also; all that is actual in it being a single moment, gone while we try to apprehend it, of which it may ever be more truly said that it has ceased to be than that it is. To such a tremulous wisp constantly re-forming itself on the stream, to a single sharp impression, with a sense in it, a relic more or less fleeting, of such moments gone by, what is real in our life fines itself down. It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off — that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves.

Philosophiren, says Novalis, *ist dephlegmatisiren vivificiren.* The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit, is to rouse, to startle it to a life of constant and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us,— for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits; for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is

only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be forever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to gather up what might otherwise pass unregarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or of what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

One of the most beautiful passages of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of the *Confessions*,— where he describes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had clung always about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biassed by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire. Well!

we are all *condamnés,* as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death, but with a sort of indefinite reprieve — *les hommes sont tous condamnés a mort avec des sursis indefinis:* we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among "the children of this world," in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion — that it does yield you this fruit of quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you, proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

CHAPTER VII

Criticism

I

what it is

Criticism, as the term is usually employed, is the search after and the communication of the truth concerning any literary or other artistic work. In this search after truth, the critic, if his search is an exhaustive one, examines the circumstances surrounding the production of the work of literature or other art, and examines also the substance of the work, its method, and its probable and actual effects.

Of course, the term Criticism has a wider application than to the search after truth relative to *artistic* productions, which are, in so far as they are artistic, quite largely the work of the imagination. Criticism is also the very life of *science,* in that it tests in every conceivable way the generalisations which the scientist deduces from his observation and his experiments. In fact, the term criticism applies to the judging and defining of the qualities or merits, or both, of *anything,*— politics, morals, industry, education, religion, as they find expression in life, as well as in literature, drama, music, painting, and the like. And the same *general*

principles apply in the criticism of all things, whether it be a criticism of a well-made play or of a poorly-conducted campaign for election to public office. Criticism is always an inquiry into man's work, or his play, — into something that man has done. Every person who sets himself seriously to the task of authorship thereby becomes a critic, for, said Ibsen,

> To *write* — is to summon one's self,
> And play the judge's part.

Criticism asks four general questions concerning man's activity: first, How did he come to do it? second, What is it that he has done? third, What methods did he employ in doing it? and, fourth, What are the effects of his achievement?

II

WHAT THE CRITIC MUST BE

The critic, like the man of science, must be a man equipped with strong and accurate powers of observation. As with the writer of exposition by the indirect methods, of description or narrative, so it is with the critic; his task is a two-fold one, because, in addition to re-examining what the producer of the work under consideration has observed, the critic must also examine the results of the producer's observation. The critic of a scientific work, for example, must have the power to hold in his mind both the actual objective facts upon which the work is based and the scientific work it-

self; as Stevenson would put it, he must, in this connection, be juggling with two oranges at the same time. The critic must also be a man of accurate perception, which involves understanding and classification. He must, too, be one who has the ability to evaluate, to appraise, to estimate the worth of what he sees, understands, and classifies. Then the critic must have the skill so to express his evaluation that it will be clear, interesting, and convincing to those to whom he communicates that evaluation. Furthermore, the critic must be honest; and yet he must not be eccentric. He must be honest; he must, that is to say, judge in accordance with the powers that are within himself. He must judge by means of his own equipment, his own knowledge, reasoning,— his own temperament, even. He must not guide his seeing and understanding, classifying and evaluating, in accordance with what he believes would be in the observation and judgment of another. And yet he must not be eccentric. His observation and judgment must not be out of all keeping with facts and standards already known and accepted. There is just as much foolishness in eccentricity as in conventionality. The critic may vary from accepted standards; and, if a live man, he is likely to vary from them in many particulars, but hardly likely to do so in relation to general truths. The critic is a scientist; and as such he must do his work with scrupulous care in accordance with well-considered methods, and under the never-absent supervision of re-examination. There is no room for eccentricity. If the critic rambles, he must ramble concentrically.

III

THE KINDS OF CRITICISM

Criticism is of various general kinds,— impressionistic, scientific, historical, appreciative, judicial, psychological; even the terms constructive and destructive are often applied to criticism,— also higher and lower, and collective and individual.

Some of these terms over-lap in their meanings. With the terms "lower" criticism and "higher" criticism, we have little here to do, because they are so much intermingled with the other terms named above. Suffice it to say that lower or textual criticism is concerned with establishing the text in the form which it originally had at the hands of its author; and higher or interpretative criticism attempts to arrive at and bring out the meaning intended by the original author. Neither are the terms "collective" and "individual," as applied to criticism, of special interest here, as their significance is involved in some of the other terms. Collective criticism is simply the consensus of acute and able scholars; not the consensus of contemporary opinion, of course. Individual criticism, as opposed to collective, is nothing more, and it may be nothing less, than the opinions simply of one man, without regard to the opinions held by others.

As to "destructive" and "constructive" criticism, the terms are rather vague, as commonly used. Destructive criticism is not worthy the name of criticism if it is no more than the pronouncement of the lack

of worth of a composition; nor is it worthy of the name if its purpose runs even to the showing of why the composition is worthless, if that is the sole thing done by the critical effort. That which is intended to bestow blame and blame alone may be destructive, but it is not criticism. It is the prevalence of such a practice, however, that gave some warrant for Disraeli's savage statement that the critics are the men who have failed in literature and in art. True destructive criticism is that which, after judging with openness of mind the elements, qualities, and values of a product, results in over-turning established views of what has been thus evaluated. Constructive criticism is still more vague, in the popular mind. Constructive criticism is not an attempt to achieve the opposite of what is accomplished by destructive criticism, not an attempt to find all that is praiseworthy and nothing else, and thus to secure a roseate view of the object criticised. If it is anything quite definite, constructive criticism is rather the attempt to find what lies beneath those things that are obvious to the hasty or superficial view; it is the attempt to find new views and even new principles to add to the already accumulated principles of critical judgment.

Impressionistic criticism is good criticism provided the critic has ability. Impressionistic criticism implies capability of being impressible, and it implies a fresh condition of the mind. It is, of course, much determined in its processes and its results by personal standards. There are three general types of good impressionistic critics: First, those with a high degree of

power to appreciate slight and faint effects; Second, those with special sensibility to first experiences relative to the given object, the immediate and momentary effects being considered more important than those slower in coming and remaining longer; Third, those who react readily to only the larger facts of the object, intellectual or moral or emotional, and who are inclined to recognise these facts in the aggregate rather than in combination. Each of these three groups of impressionistic critics tends to represent its experiences in one of two ways: (1) by expressing the whole of its impressions with no elaboration, with no completeness or finish of detail; and (2) quite the opposite to (1), by expressing impressions in full completeness, with elaboration of detail concerning the growth of the impressions in the critic's mind,— contemplating the mental image as the real thing,— pure subjectivity. The second of the *three* groups above mentioned, is not so much inclined as the first and the third to a reversion to the attitude of the old Stoics, presenting only the appearances in the mind caused by the object external to it.

Impressionistic criticism in literature is usually applied to works that are compelling, works that affect the mind forcibly and deeply and in definite form; though the criticism itself is too often vague and indistinct, because too impatient of the significance of detail. In art generally this type of criticism is applied more to physical appearances than to those appearances within the realm of perception, and is applied to perceptive images more than to the ideas in the work involved in

the criticism; yet it does not present even physical appearances with photographic detail, preferring to express rather the tone with which they impress the mind, and nearly always being quite impatient of detail even as to tone.

Scientific criticism attempts to measure the author completely; to contemplate his personality, to scan his achievement, to collect, in fact, all possible data, to weigh it all, striving, in the weighing, to eliminate all personal views of the critic. It follows, as a rule, the argumentative method,— by defining terms in the light of the history of the object investigated in the criticism, by examining all available opinions and comparing them, by accepting no mere assertions, searching for exact evidence only, if possible drawing no imperfect generalisations, permitting no causes and no effects to stand without their relationships being discovered,— proceeding logically in all things. "Scientific" implies not learning alone, but skill as well. A scientist must not only collect facts, but he must understand them; he must co-ordinate, arrange, and systematise them. Scientific criticism, however, is not quite like science itself, for the method of science includes observation, experiment, and reasoning; while in literature and in art generally, experiment belongs rather to the process of creation than to that of criticism.

In *historical* criticism the history of the work is investigated. The path followed by the work from its first conception in the mind of the author until the hour of the criticism is carefully traversed. The social circumstances which made possible the conception

in the first instance, the culture and growth of the conception in the mind-life of the author, the conditions surrounding his giving expression to it, its publication, its immediate reception by readers, its subsequent reception by the general reader and by the critics, its revisions, if any,— all the facts in relation to the history of the work are examined in exhaustive detail. Occasionally historical criticism is considered as but an attempt to regain or restore the points of view contemporary with the work discussed, but that is a limited notion of the term historical.

Appreciative criticism implies observation of facts and their relations. It implies apprehension, also, of facts and relations, implies a clear perception, intelligent recognition, and sympathetic understanding. It implies, in other words, that the critic is equipped to perceive and skilled to manifest what he has perceived of fact and relation. It implies that the critic can set a just and sufficiently high estimate upon what is criticised, that he can wisely judge as well as delicately perceive. It implies intellectual power, moral power, emotional power. The critic who would appreciate must be a thinker, he must understand life-values, and he must be able to recreate within himself the feeling which gave atmosphere to the work under consideration. He must be a candid investigator, one who perceives fine differences, one who can, above all, respond to the qualities in things and give them their due values. The appreciative critic must understand the history of the work, and he must be judicial, or his appreciation may easily become not just in its assigning of values. The

power of apprehending and the power of evaluating are the chief endowments needed by him. Appreciative criticism will try to find all the values of that to which the criticism is applied, and to express those values in the most adequate terms.

Judicial criticism is not only impartial but also discriminating. It is determinative. It decides upon and gives utterance to judgment as to points hitherto open to question, and to points now for the first time open to question. Judicial criticism implies deliberation, of course,— hence the writing of it must give evidence of careful, well-balanced, and sustained thought. The judicial critic must seem to be even an arbitrator, taking cognisance of opposing ideas, and with discretion determining the values upon all sides. He should not, however, become legislative; he should not prescribe for the future, neither what the future critical opinion shall be nor what shall be the proper or best methods for the present or the future author. The term judicial is sometimes applied to criticism which busies itself chiefly with testing by means of external standards, or already established canons or tests, such as Matthew Arnold applies in his essay upon *The Study of Poetry;* but in such case it is likely to turn out to be impressionistic criticism of the purely personal sort because, however universal the standards may be, they may still be applied from a purely individual point of view.

Psychological criticism is often defined as that criticism which brings to bear upon the work under con-

sideration all that can be found out concerning the personality of the artist who produced the work. This is too narrow a definition. Psychological criticism is not, or should not be, concerned with only the personality of the artist producing the work; it is, or should be, social in its interests as well as individual. The psychological critic studies the mental conditions of the time of the production, and the effects of the work, both temporary and permanent, so far as they can be determined, upon the mind of society. Furthermore, he examines carefully his own mind relative to the work; and, in the various steps his mind takes in estimating the facts and the significance of the facts relative to the author, to the subject-matter and form of the work, to the social effects, he presents psychological data that has weight and worth according as the critic himself is of weight and worth. Psychological criticism is not wholly introspective; impressionistic criticism is more likely to be that; but it is observational, too,— yet of necessity, as a rule, it is not experimental except in relation to the critic himself. Its work is *based* upon a knowledge of the constitution and function of the normal mind of man as that constitution and function are discovered primarily by introspection under strict conditions of experimental control.

Of course, it is evident even to the most casual thinker that the various kinds of criticism are not mutually exclusive. For example, the most judicial should be scientific, the most scientific must also be historical, and all the kinds of criticism are compara-

tively valueless unless they are intermingled with the psychological method. All try to find the facts, and to express the meaning and the value of those facts.

IV

THE QUESTIONS CRITICISM ASKS

But let us come back to the four general questions asked by criticism, which were mentioned at the beginning of this chapter. The first question as to man's activity is, How did he come to do it? That is a historical question. It is also a psychological one, and the facts concerning the why of the author's work should be canvassed with full and painstaking scientific accuracy, and with the most judicial temper of mind. All the circumstances affecting the production of the work in process of criticism must be examined,— the personality of the author, his environment, and especially his purpose in bringing the work to birth.

The second question is, What is it that the man has done? That is a question which must be asked with judicial mind, and one whose answer must be sought in the most scientific spirit, the author being careful to be fully appreciative of all values that the work possesses. The general nature of the subject-matter must be gone into. Is it in the field of political science, or of chemistry, or of art? And the special nature of the subject-matter must be evaluated. Does it have to do with the organisation of the legislative branch of government, or with coal-tar compounds, or with en-

graving? Is the work history, or is it fiction? — and thus we inevitably pass to the third question.

The third question is, What methods did the producer of the work employ in accomplishing his task? The second and the third questions are not to be thought of apart. Matter and execution cannot be kept apart; they are one and indivisible. "Content and form," said Aristotle, "are inseparable." A work of art is organic. In a work of art the relation of form to content is not that of goblet to water contained, nor of apparel to body, but of body to spirit. The analysis of the form of a composition is also the analysis of its substance. Just so soon as one begins to inspect closely the form of literature, for example, asking whether it is prose or poetry, whether it is history or fiction, whether it is plot or not plot, whether it is climactic or anti-climactic, whether it is long or short, or any other question as to form, he immediately lets a djinn out of the pot, the djinn named content, whose bidding he must at once obey. The best of reasons for the unsatisfactory character of nearly all discussions of the formal aspects of artistic work is that the content is constantly looking without from the enclosing form. The content will nonplus and then again it will inspirit us whenever we apply ourselves to analysis of form and of formal processes. And well it is that it does so, that the "thing-in-itself" is constantly calling aloud for attention. And the opposite is equally true, that no bold facing of substance, or subject-matter, or content, or whatever the critic calls it, is attempted that does not lead almost at once to a consideration of the

form or method or way or appearance which the content or substance assumes.

The fourth of the general questions which criticism asks is, What are the effects of the author's having done as he has done and of his having done what he has done? This question is inseparably bound up with all and each of the other three. It is bound up with the first, because the effect and the purpose can rarely, if ever, be entirely kept apart. This question is not to be kept apart from the second question either, for, of course, the effect upon society depends upon what it is that is affecting it. True also it is that this fourth query is not to be separated from the third, for one man is affected by one way of doing a thing, another by another, and so on indefinitely. The answering of the fourth question involves a study of society. The psychology of audiences must be taken into account. To answer the question adequately involves sociological knowledge and insight. If the work criticised is not a new one, at least new historical acumen is needed by the critic. If, on the other hand, the work is new, a wide and penetrating insight into one's own epoch is indispensable. And in both cases, the writer of criticism is usually forced into the rôle of prophet, and thus led to tell what he infers may be the effect of the work upon the future. Only the impressionistic critic, and one who is impressionistic in the very narrow sense of speaking from his own limited experience without regard for collective experience or achieved successes in the past, can for long consistently refuse to speak of and for the future.

And so the four critical questions require that the questioner and answerer must study the author's environment, equipment, and purpose, that he must study for himself the subject, not following alone in the footsteps of the author examined, that he must estimate the aptness in handling, that he must look into the nature, number, and permanency of the audience appealed to by the material involved. This is criticism; the examination and evaluation of who and why and where and what and how and what then. And it must be remembered that literature itself, and all good art, too, is criticism,—a criticism of life.

V

SELECTIONS FOR ANALYSIS

1. Discover all you can concerning the writers of the following criticisms, and determine their fitness, in each case, to accomplish the task of criticism which was attempted. Also, apply to the criticisms themselves the principles stated in the above discussion of the various kinds of criticism.

a. There have been sporadic seasons of the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan in the theatres of New York as long as the operettas have existed; but last week was the first week in thirty years, if we are not mistaken, in which the same work occupied two stages for days together at the same time. Then, as now, it was *The Mikado* which was performed, and the operetta was brand new. It would be a pleasant reflection, could it be indulged, that the simultaneous performances at the Forty-eighth Street and Stand-

ard Theatres were an indication of a return of Gilbert and Sullivan's works to the extraordinary vogue which they had a quarter of a century ago, before idiotic buffooneries and vulgar jingles had debauched public taste. It may be an extravagant hope that this might be so, but there are indications of a return to better standards than those which gradually took possession of the Broadway playhouse after the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan works had been brought forward, and a cataclysm may be impending which will submerge the now-dominant frivolity and bring back a love for comedy which shall be bright and clean and music which shall be worthy of the name. Such appreciation as *The Lilac Domino* received might be looked upon as a preliminary step toward this desirable consummation, for that clever work at least gave no offence to lovers of good music and showed how much more refinement and skill the best foreign composers have than the best of those who live in this country. Now, in his day Sir Arthur Sullivan was a much more thoroughly schooled musician than any of the men of France and Germany whose works he supplanted in the popular taste of England and America, and, no doubt, frequently regretted that fate had turned his muse into the comic path. His friends knew that he cast many regretful looks upon the scores of *The Prodigal Son, The Golden Legend,* and *Ivanhoe* when in the full flush of his victories on the operetta stage; but the most discerning critics among them must have known that in the serious vein which he would have preferred to follow he had added nothing to music with all his fine talent (or genius, if one would have it so), whereas, in the light dramatic style into which he was drawn by his partnership with Gilbert he did a distinct and even great service to his generation, his art, his people, and all peoples who use the English tongue. The props which Mr. Gilbert placed under the structure of his reputation were more numerous and more varied, but

he, too, was at his best in the refined whimsicality and polite satire of his operetta books. Their destruction would be a severe loss to the literature of the stage, while the wiping out of all his other dramatic writings might be contemplated with equanimity. It will be interesting for a long time to come to read the social history of the closing decades of the nineteenth century in Gilbert's skits, which, in spite of their farcical character, served the true and best purposes of comedy in their smiling chastisement of popular follies.

Looked at from one point of view it may safely be said that through their ministrations Gilbert and Sullivan placed their native England far in advance of all the nations of the world. Theirs was peculiarly the age of operetta. During the last forty years no form of theatrical entertainment has compared in popularity with musical comedy in England, Germany, France, and America. Yet it was only in England and America that, through their efforts, popular taste was turned and developed in a direction which deserved commendation by the standards at once of good art and good morals. In France the descent from the *opera comique* of Auber, Boieldieu, and Adam to the *opéra bouffe* of Offenbach was great; but it was atoned for, measurably, by the gracefulness and piquancy of Offenbach's melodic talent, and also, to some extent, by the satirical scourge which his librettists applied to the manners of the Second Empire. In Germany, French *opéra bouffe* crowded out the *Singspiel* of men like Lortzing, whose talent was most ingratiating, without putting works of characteristic originality in its place. Clever as the best operettas of Suppé (a Dalmatian to the Italian manner born), Strauss, and Millöcker were (we can only say "are" of a few of them), it cannot be said for them that they were at all unique in their genre. They were but developments of the French type tricked out with German dance rhythms. Not so the

creations of Gilbert and Sullivan. They are racy of the English soil. H. E. KREHBIEL,— in the *New York Tribune,* May 23, 1915.

b. Among the minor poems in this collection is "The Forsaken," so widely known and so universally admired. The popular as well as the critical voice ranks it as the most beautiful ballad of its kind ever written.

We have read this little poem more than twenty times, and always with increasing admiration. *It is inexpressibly beautiful.* No one of real feeling can peruse it without a strong inclination to tears. Its irresistible charm is its absolute truth — the unaffected naturalness of its thought. The sentiment which forms the basis of the composition is, perhaps, at once the most universal and the most passionate of sentiments. No human being exists, over the age of fifteen, who has not, in his heart of hearts, a ready echo for all there so pathetically expressed. The essential poetry of the ideas would only be impaired by "foreign ornament." This is a case in which we should be repelled by the mere conventionalities of the muse. We demand, for such thoughts, the most rigorous simplicity at all points. It will be observed that, strictly speaking, there is not an attempt at "imagery" in the whole poem. All is direct, terse, penetrating. In a word, nothing could be better done. The versification, while in full keeping with the general character of simplicity, has, in certain passages, a vigorous, trenchant euphony, which would confer honour on the most accomplished masters of the art. We refer especially to the lines: —

> And follow me to my long home
> *Solemn and slow.*

And the quatrain —

> Could I but know when I am sleeping
> *Low in the ground*

One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round.

The initial trochee here, in each instance, substituted for the iambus, produces, so naturally as to seem accidental, a very effective echo of sound to sense. The thought included in the line, "And *light* the tomb," should be dwelt upon to be appreciated in its full extent of beauty; and the verses which I have italicised in the last stanza are poetry — poetry in the purest sense of that much misused word. They have power — indisputable power; making us thrill with a sense of their weird magnificence as we read them. EDGAR ALLAN POE,— on *Estelle Ann Lewis.*

c. Urbs: "You must find it very annoying to be tied to exact hours of trains and boats," says Urbs to Rus, "and it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be obliged to pick your way through the river streets to the ferry, or wait at stations. However, you probably calculated the waste of time and the trouble before you decided to live in Frogtown."

Rus: "Every choice has its conveniences, undoubtedly, but I concluded that I preferred fresh air for my children to the atmosphere of sewers and gas factories, and I have a prejudice for breakfasting by sunlight rather than by gas. Then my wife enjoys the singing of birds in the morning more than the cry of the milkman, and the silence at night secures a sweeter sleep than the rattle of the horse-cars. It is true that we have no brick block opposite, and no windows of houses behind commanding our own. But to set off such deprivations there are pleasant hills and wooded slopes and gardens. They are not sidewalks, to be sure, but they satisfy us."

Urbs: "Yes, yes; I see," says Urbs. "We are more to be pitied than I thought. If we must go out in the evening, we don't have the advantage of stumbling over hummocks, and sinking in the mud or dust in the dark; we

can only go dry-shod upon clean flagging, abundantly lighted. Then we have nothing but Thomas's orchestra and the opera and the bright little theatre to console us for the loss of the frog and tree-toad concert and the tent-circus. Instead of plodding everywhere upon our own feet, which is so pleasant after running round upon them all day in town, we have nothing but cars and stages on hand to carry us to our own doors. I see clearly there are great disadvantages in city life. If a friend and wife drop in suddenly in the evening or to dine, it is monstrously inconvenient to have an oyster shop round the corner whence to improvise a supper or a dinner. It would be much better to have nothing but the village grocery a mile or two away. The advantages are conspicuous. I wonder the entire population of the city doesn't go out to live in Frogtown." GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,— in *Essays from the Easy Chair.*

d. There are so many helpful books, the books that truly pay, the useful books that drive the spooks of grief and care away, it's foolishness and worse, gadzooks, to pass away the time a-reading books that treat of crooks and fifty brands of crime. So many books are merely foam, made for the passing hour; and every tome you read at home should have a lifting power. The stuff you read should help you meet your duties everywhere; impel your feet along the street with vim to do and dare. Your books should help you do your grind, and to your labours waltz; and make you kind, and make you blind to other people's faults. Your books should teach you what is right, and also what is wrong, and help you fight like armoured knight, with battle-cry and song. They should make home a happy place, your wife the joy in chief, with not a trace upon her face of weariness or grief. So do not soak your spongy head in rubbish day by day, but read instead the books that spread some light upon your way. Read hefty books that hit the spot with fierce and forceful stroke; oh,

turn your thought away from rot to truths that fairly smoke.[1]

WALT MASON.

e. It is a restful chapter in any book of Cooper's when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig; and if he can't do it, to go and borrow one. In fact the Leather Stocking Series ought to have been called the Broken Twig Series.

MARK TWAIN.

f. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man descending to the nature of the beast. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns its spite against the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be dishonoured. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

g. Among the powers which suffer by this too intense life of the *social* instincts, none suffers more than the power

[1] Printed by permission of the George Matthew Adams Service.

of dreaming. Let no man think this a trifle. The machinery for dreaming planted in the human brain was not planted for nothing. That faculty, in alliance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy. And the dreaming organ, in connection with the heart, the eye, and the ear, composes the magnificent apparatus which forces the infinite into the chambers of a human brain, and throws dark reflections from eternities below all life upon the mirrors of the sleeping mind.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

h. Had he lived, William Sydney Porter —"O. Henry" — would have celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday on the 11th of this month. Among American writers of short stories he occupies a practically unchallenged position as the delineator of an intensely modern life. Nor is that his only conquest. In sheer interest of character and plot — the two main ingredients of fiction — it is doubtful whether there are any among old or new writers who, judging by popular acclaim, supersede him. Poe's short stories are, unquestionably, a national literary asset. His *Fall of the House of Usher,* his *Masque of the Red Death,* his *Pit and the Pendulum,* have penetrated every country of Europe. But these stories, and practically all of Poe's work, either in prose or poetry, are not particularly related to America. They might have been written in any one of the half-dozen countries of Europe that see in Poe to-day one of the greatest imaginative writers of the nineteenth century. O. Henry, on the other hand, like Hawthorne before him, is distinctively American. Only the other day we noted that, among modern writers, O. Henry enjoyed a steady popularity even in distant Russia. And this means, of course, that his art, always absorbed in the creation of things that are intensely American, has been able to transcend the boundaries of national prejudice, finding a place for itself in soil that is alien in matters of

life and habit of thought. This is really a notable achievement. Nor has it taken place only in Russia — that country of free-handed generosities toward literary art. In France, O. Henry has been translated and is being eagerly read. In England, we learn that, as a result of a long appreciation of his genius, O. Henry is being brought out, on this anniversary, in a shilling edition of which the publishers expect to sell over a million copies. So far, only six of the twelve O. Henry volumes have been published in England, but, according to the best information, the demand is waxing so great that the others will soon make their appearance. The voice of foreign countries in determining the literary value of an author is anything but negligible. It has exerted an almost deciding influence in a number of instances in American literature. The discovery of Walt Whitman is practically due to the Rossettis in England. Even to-day France and Russia are apparently more appreciative of Poe than his native land. As regards O. Henry, however, a similar reluctance on the part of the American critic is not in evidence. O. Henry's popularity here was practically immediate and his vogue with us has increased ever since we were first engaged by the vitality and interest of his fiction. Recently, it is true, we were told that his short stories were "episodical" in character, that they were thus not true to the art of the short story. It is difficult to take the criticism seriously. A short story is to be judged by its effect on the reader. If it excites interest and leaves on the mind a complete and living image of the men and women that it depicts, the question as to whether or not it is episodical becomes quite insignificant. As a matter of fact, there are no short story writers in recent years who have exerted so profound an appeal on the readers as O. Henry. The publication of his books in edition after edition, here and abroad, is an indication, barring every other consideration, of their inherent worth. There is, indeed, no doubt as to the perma-

nent position occupied by O. Henry in American literature. It is gratifying to learn also that the long-promised biography of O. Henry is about to appear. Some years ago the late Harry Peyton Steger commenced collecting material for a life of O. Henry. The forthcoming work has been written by Professor C. A. Smith, a lifelong friend of Sydney Porter.— Editorial from the *New York Times Book Review,* October 29, 1916.

CHAPTER VIII

Additional Assignments; and Selections for Analysis

I

ASSIGNMENTS[1]

Subjects for Expository Essays

I

1. Define "the grand style."
2. What is "charm" in writing?
3. What is "essential knowledge"?
4. Is there an "American racial type"?
5. Where is "The West"?
6. The Vulgarity of Education.

II

1. The President.
2. Compare the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson with the Century Dictionary.
3. The Difference between a Sonata and a Symphony.
4. The Influence of Novelty.
5. Imaginative Terror in the Drama.
6. What are students in American Colleges reading?

III

1. The Best bit of American Prose.
2. The Collective Consciousness of Women.

[1] For other assignments, see ends of preceding chapters.

3. Psychological Paranoia.
4. The Art of Illustration.
5. The Military Policy of the United States.
6. The greatest Political Achievement in history.

IV

1. The Break-down of Internationalism.
2. The American Indian in the literature of the Short-story.
3. The greatest Story ever told upon the Stage.
4. The Symbolism of the Short-stories of Poe.
5. The Common Denominator of Franklin, Washington, Jackson, Webster, Lee, Lincoln, Emerson, Mark Twain, and . . .
6. What are Students in American Colleges Thinking?

V

1. The Letter-writers in the plays of Shakespeare.
2. What an American Citizen finds in Plato's *Crito*.
3. Criticise D. G. Rossetti's *A Last Confession* from the point of view of a portrait painter.
4. Study Browning's *Luria* and Shakespeare's *Othello;* then tell what makes a great play-wright.
5. Classify the short-stories of Hawthorne as historical stories, essay-tales, and psychological studies; then determine which group is most characteristic of the author.
6. The London editor, W. T. Stead, together with a committee of thirty appointed by himself, once chose a list of the "world's twenty greatest men" as follows:

Shakespeare	Columbus
Gutenberg	Newton
Julius Cæsar	Darwin
Dante	Stephenson
Michelangelo	Franklin
Lincoln	Watt

Moses	Homer
Buddha	Aristotle
Socrates	St. Paul
Confucius	Luther

Choose four of those who seem to you to be greatest in this list, stating them in the order of their relative greatness, giving reasons for your employing that order. Then, if you think the list of four could be improved by substitution from outside the list of twenty, make the substitution or substitutions, giving your reasons for doing so.

VI

1. Write a letter to some novelist, assuming the personality of one of his characters, and telling the author what you think of his presentation of that character.
2. Compare *The Blessed Damozel* and *The Raven* as to theme and as to treatment.
3. If Hamlet could have written one of the plays of Shakespeare, which one would it have been?
4. Discuss Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* under the title "The Religion of a Munitions-Maker."
5. Japan and the Future.
6. What are students in American Colleges doing?

VII

1. What is the common element in the following five of the world's greatest plays — *Œdipus Rex, Hamlet, As You Like It, Tartufe, Cyrano de Bergerac.*
2. Examine the parts spoken by Beatrice, Rosalind, and some of the fools in Shakespeare's plays, and see if you can detect in their language the style of the modern novel.
3. Read Sir Walter Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel;* then write a character sketch of James I, solely from the impressions derived from that book.

4. Rodin said, "All art is founded on mathematics; only, the artist must not let his mathematics grow cold." Write an estimate of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* with that statement in mind.
5. The World's Worst Failure.
6. "When the distribution of attention is perfect, the limit of vision is the circumference of a circle, whose diameter subtends sixty degrees, whose centre is opposite the eye, and whose arc is a section of the cone of rays by which the object is made sensible to the eye." Why, then, are pictures nearly always rectangular in shape?

VIII

1. Poe's Best Poem.
2. If you had the privilege of leaving in the ink-stand all the material of all sorts that you have read since you entered college, what would you choose to leave there? Be full, minute, and give ample reasons.
3. *Poem Outlines,* by Sidney Lanier, was collected after the author's death, from jottings he had made upon musical programmes, letter envelopes, scraps of waste paper, etc.
   a. What can you determine of the character of the author from these spontaneous utterances?
   b. Which one of the outlines, in your opinion, would make the best poem? Give fully developed reasons.
4. Assume that *Hamlet* or *Othello* had just been published for the first time. What would the literary critic of to-day have to say about the play?
5. Compare Scene 2 of Act III of Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* with Stevenson's poem entitled *The Woodman.*
6. "Law is the point where life and logic meet." Develop the statement; discuss it; make it concrete and timely.
7. President Wilson and the European War to March, 1917.

IX

1. "The highest praise of a book is that it sets us thinking, but surely the next highest praise is that it ransoms us from thought," said Lowell. In accordance with this distinction, classify all the books which you have read since you entered college. Explain and make convincing the classification.
2. Read a scene from *Hamlet* and one from Pinero's *The Thunderbolt,* employing a metronome until you have found the correct rhythm. Then determine how rapidly or slowly the scenes should be played in order to make them effective.
3. Of the two groups of Longfellow's poems that follow, which will wear the longer? —
   a. *Evangeline, Hiawatha, Paul Revere's Ride, The Saga of King Olaf.*
   b. *The Bridge, The Day is Done.*
4. Discuss the following statement, illustrating concretely: "In the mind of the poet, the angle of reflection is not equal to the angle of incidence."
5. Browning's *Sordello* has been said to contain the finest isolated distichs in the English language. Find them, and write your impressions of them.
6. Bolingbroke said, "History is philosophy teaching by example." Freeman said, "History is past politics; politics is present history." Justin McCarthy said, "There are but two events in history,— the Trojan War and the French Revolution." Are these statements adequate interpretations of history?

X

1. Education is the drawing out of all the aptitudes, ready for use.
   a. Define carefully for yourself the terms of this statement, so far as its predicate is concerned in your case.

b. Then minutely take stock of yourself and of what you are doing in residence at college.

c. Finally, Write a painstaking and full answer to the question, as applied to yourself, "Am I being educated?"

2. "A prose sentence only fulfils its entire function when, as in some passage of the English version of the Old Testament, its rhythm so keeps time with the thought or feeling that the reader is guided to the accentuation of the writer as surely as if listening to his very voice,"— Lowell. Analyse Judges V, in the light of this statement.
3. The Patriotic Lyric.
4. The Future of Mexico.
5. Write a letter of appreciation to your favourite author among those dead.
6. A consensus of opinion resulted in the following paintings being considered the world's twenty greatest:

The Broken Pitcher,	Greuze
Phœbus and Aurora,	Guido Reni
The Gleaners,	François Millet
My Mother,	J. M. Whistler
The Angelus,	François Millet
Christ in the Temple,	Heinrich Hofmann
Baby Stuart,	Anthony Van Dyke
The Immaculate Conception,	Murillo
The Dance of the Nymphs,	Corot
The Horse Fair,	Rosa Bonheur
Holy Night,	Correggio
The Sistine Madonna,	Raphael
The Madonna of the Chair,	Raphael
Mona Lisa,	Leonardo da Vinci
The Last Supper,	Leonardo da Vinci
The Windmill,	Jacob Van Ruysdael
The Avenue, Middelharnis,	Meinert Hobbema
Sir Galahad,	George Watts

The Age of Innocence, Reynolds
The Night Watch, Rembrandt

Analyse the list, determining thereby upon what principle or principles these pictures were chosen above all others.

II

Selections for Analysis [1]

ON THE READING OF NEWSPAPERS [2]

Henry David Thoreau

I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long it seems to me that I have not dwelt in my native region. The sun, the clouds, the snows, the trees, say not so much to me. You cannot serve two masters. It requires more than a day's devotion to know and to possess the wealth of a day.

We may well be ashamed to tell what things we have read or heard in our day. I do not know why my news should be so trivial,— considering what one's dreams and expectations are, why the developments should be so paltry. The news we hear, for the most part, is not news to our genius. It is the stalest repetition. You are often tempted to ask why such stress is laid on a particular experience you have had,— that, after twenty-five years Hobbins, Registrar of Deeds, is again on the sidewalk. Have you not budged an inch, then? Such

[1] For other and briefer selections, see ends of preceding chapters.
[2] From *Miscellanies,* published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

is the daily news. Its facts appear to float in the atmosphere, insignificant as the sporules of fungi, and impinge on some neglected *thallus,* or surface of our minds, which affords a basis for them, and hence a parasitic growth. We should wash ourselves clean of such news. Of what consequence, though our planet explode, if there is no character involved in the explosion? In health we have not the least curiosity about such events. We do not live for idle amusement. I would not run round a corner to see the world blow up.

Not without a slight shudder at the danger, I often perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair,— the news of the street, and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish,— to permit idle rumours and incidents of the most insignificant kind to intrude on ground which should be sacred to thought. Shall the mind be a public arena, where the affairs of the street and the gossip of the tea table chiefly are discussed? Or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself,— an hypæthral temple, consecrated to the service of the gods? I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my attention with those which are insignificant, which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is for the most part the news in newspapers and conversation. It is important to preserve the mind's chastity in this respect. Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very *sanctum sanctorum* for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar-

room of the mind's inmost apartment, as if for so long the dust of the street had occupied us,— the very street itself, with all its travel, its bustle and filth, had passed throughout thought's shrine! Would it not be an intellectual and moral suicide? When I have been compelled to sit spectator and auditor in a court room for some hours, and have seen my neighbours, who are not compelled, stealing in from time to time, and tip-toeing about with washed hands and faces, it has appeared to my mind's eye that, when they took off their hats, their ears suddenly expanded into vast hoppers for sound, between which even their narrow heads were crowded. Like the vanes of windmills, they caught the broad but shallow stream of sound, which, after a few titillating gyrations in their coggy brains, passed out the other side. I wondered if, when they got home, they were as careful to wash their ears as before their hands and faces. It has seemed to me at such a time that the auditors and the witnesses, the jury and the counsel, the judge and the criminal at the bar,— if I may presume him guilty before he is convicted,— were all equally criminal, and a thunderbolt might be expected to descend and consume them altogether.

By all kinds of traps and signboards, threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, exclude such trespassers from the only ground which can be sacred to you. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember! If I am to be a thoroughfare, I prefer that it be of the mountain brooks, the Parnassian streams, and not the town sewers. There is inspiration, that gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind

from the courts of heaven. There is the profane and stale revelation of the barroom and the police court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications. Only the character of the hearer determines to which it shall be open, and to which closed. I believe that the mind can be permanently profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. Our very intellect shall be macadamised, as it were,— its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over; and if you would know what will make the most durable pavement, surpassing rolled stones, spruce blocks, and asphaltum, you have only to look into some of our minds which have been subjected to this treatment so long.

If we have thus desecrated ourselves,— as who has not? — the remedy will be by wariness and devotion to reconsecrate ourselves, and make once more a fane of the mind. We should treat our minds, that is, ourselves, as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times. Read the Eternities. Conventionalities are at length as bad as impurities. Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness, unless they are in a sense effaced each morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven. Yes, every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concern-

ing which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them,— had better let their peddling carts be driven, even at lowest trot or walk, over that bridge of glorious span by which we trust to pass at last from the farthest brink of time to the nearest shore of eternity! Have we no culture, no refinement,— but skill only to live coarsely and serve the Devil? — to acquire a little worldly wealth, or fame, or liberty, and make a false show with it, as if we were all husk and shell, with no tender and living kernel to us? Shall our institutions be like those chestnut burrs which contain abortive nuts, perfect only to prick the fingers?

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF MISS ALEXANDER[1]

GEORGE MOORE

Among all of Whistler's pictures, for my own personal pleasure, to satisfy the innermost cravings of my own soul, I would choose to live with the portrait of Miss Alexander. Truly, this picture seems to me the most beautiful in the world. I know very well that it has not the profound beauty of the Infantes by Velasquez in the Louvre — but for pure magic of inspiration, is it not more delightful? Just as Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" thrills the innermost sense like no other poem in the language, the portrait of Miss Alexander enchants with the harmony of colour, with the melody of composition.

[1] From *Modern Painting*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Strangely original, a rare and unique thing, is this picture, yet we know whence it came, and may easily appreciate the influence that brought it into being. Exquisite and happy combination of the art of an entire nation and the genius of one man — the soul of Japan incarnate in the body of the immortal Spaniard! It was Japan that counselled the strange grace of the silhouette, and it was that country, too, that inspired in a dim, far-off way those subtly sweet and magical passages from grey to green, from green again to changing evanescent grey. But a higher intelligence massed and impelled those chords of green and grey than ever manifested itself in Japanese fan or screen — the means are simpler, the effect is greater. The whole art of Japan is selection, and Japan taught Mr. Whistler, or impressed upon Mr. Whistler, the imperative necessity of selection. No Western artist of the present or of the past time — no, not Velasquez himself — ever selected from the model so tenderly as Mr. Whistler. Japan taught him to consider Nature as a storehouse whence the artist may pick and choose, combining the fragments of his choice into an exquisite whole.

But this picture is, throughout, a selection from the model; nowhere has anything been copied brutally, yet the reality of the girl is not sacrificed.

The picture represents a girl of ten or eleven. She is dressed according to the fashion of twenty years ago — a starched muslin frock, a small overskirt of pale brown, white stockings, square-toed black shoes. She stands, her left foot advanced, holding in her left hand a grey felt hat adorned with a long plume reaching

nearly to the ground. The wall behind her is grey with a black wainscot. On the left, far back in the picture, on a low stool, some grey-green drapery strikes the highest note of colour in the picture. On the right, in the foreground, some tall daisies come into the picture, and two butterflies flutter over the girl's blond head. This picture seems to exist principally in the seeing. I mean that the execution is so strangely simple that the thought, "If I could only see the model like that, I think I could do it myself," comes spontaneously into the mind. And this spontaneous thought is excellent criticism, for three parts of Mr. Whistler's art lies in the seeing; no one ever saw Nature so artistically. Notice on the left the sharp line of white frock cutting against the black wainscoting. Were that line taken away, how much would the picture lose! Look at the leg that is advanced, and tell me if you can detect the modelling. There is modelling, I know, but there is no vulgar roundness. Apparently, only a flat tint; but there is on the bone a light, hardly discernible; and this light is sufficient. And the leg that is turned away, the thick chubby ankle of the child, how admirable in drawing; and that touch of darker colour, how it tells the exact form of the bone! To indicate is the final accomplishment of the painter's art, and I know no indication like the ankle bone. And now, passing from the feet to the face, notice, I beg of you to notice — it is one of the points in the picture — that jawbone. The face is seen in three-quarter, and to focus the interest in the face the painter has slightly insisted on the line of the jawbone, which, taken in conjunction with the hair, brings

into prominence the oval of the face. In nature that charming oval only appears at moments. The painter seized one of these moments and called it into our consciousness as a musician with certain finger will choose to give prominence to a certain note in a chord.

It was Velasquez who taught Mr. Whistler that flowing limpid execution. In the painting of that blond hair there is something more than a souvenir of the blond hair of the Infantes in the Salle Carée in the Louvre. There is also something of Velasquez in the black note of the shoes. Those blacks — are they not perfectly observed? How light and dry the colour is! How heavy and shiny it would have become in other hands! Notice, too, that in the frock nowhere is there a single touch of pure white, and yet it is all white — a rich luminous white that makes every other white in the gallery seem either chalky or dirty. What an enchantment and delight the handling is! How flowing, how subtle, infinitely and beautifully sure, the music of perfect accomplishment! This little girl is the very finest flower, and the culminating point of Mr. Whistler's art. The eye travels over the canvas seeking a fault. In vain; nothing has been omitted that might have been included, nothing has been included that might have been omitted. There is much in Velasquez that is stronger, but nothing in this world seemed to me to be so perfect as this picture.

EARTH-WORMS AND THEIR FUNCTION[1]

CHARLES DARWIN

Worms have played a more important part in the history of the world than most persons would at first suppose. In almost all humid countries they are extraordinarily numerous, and for their size possess great muscular power. In many parts of England a weight of more than ten tons (10,516 kilogrammes) of dry earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface on each acre of land; so that the whole superficial bed of vegetable mould passes through their bodies in the course of every few years. From the collapsing of the old burrows the mould is in constant though slow movement, and the particles composing it are thus rubbed together. By these means fresh surfaces are continually exposed to the action of the carbonic acid in the soil, and of the humus-acids which appear to be still more efficient in the decomposition of rocks. The generation of the humus-acids is probably hastened during the digestion of the many half-decayed leaves which worms consume. Thus the particles of earth, forming the superficial mould, are subjected to conditions eminently favourable for their decomposition and disintegration. Moreover, the particles of the softer rocks suffer some amount of mechanical trituration in the muscular gizzards of worms, in which small stones serve as mill-stones.

The finely levigated castings, when brought to the

[1] From *The Formation of Vegetable Mould*, etc., published by J. Murray, London.

surface in a moist condition, flow during rainy weather down any moderate slope; and the smaller particles are washed far down even a gently inclined surface. Castings when dry often crumble into small pellets and these are apt to roll down any sloping surface. Where the land is quite level and is covered with herbage, and where the climate is humid so that much dust cannot be blown away, it appears at first sight impossible that there should be any appreciable amount of subaërial denudation; but worm castings are blown, especially whilst moist and viscid, in one uniform direction by the prevalent winds which are accompanied by rain. By these several means the superficial mould is prevented from accumulating to a great thickness; and a thick bed of mould checks in many ways the disintegration of the underlying rocks and fragments of rock.

The removal of worm castings by the above means leads to results which are far from insignificant. It has been shown that a layer of earth, .2 of an inch in thickness, is in many places annually brought to the surface per acre; and if a small part of this amount flows, or rolls, or is washed, even for a short distance down every inclined surface, or is repeatedly blown in one direction, a great effect will be produced in the course of ages. It was found by measurements and calculations that on a surface with a mean inclination of 9° 26′, 2.4 cubic inches of earth which had been ejected by worms crossed, in the course of a year, a horizontal line one yard in length; so that 240 cubic inches would cross a line 100 yards in length. This latter amount in

a damp state would weigh 11½ pounds. Thus a considerable weight of earth is continually moving down each side of every valley, and will in time reach its bed. Finally this earth will be transported by the streams flowing in the valleys into the ocean, the great receptacle for all matter denuded from the land. It is known from the amount of sediment annually delivered into the sea by the Mississippi, that its enormous drainage-area must on an average be lowered .00263 of an inch each year; and this would suffice in four and a half million years to lower the whole drainage-area to the level of the sea-shore. So that, if a small fraction of the layer of fine earth, .2 of an inch in thickness, which is annually brought to the surface by worms, is carried away, a great result cannot fail to be produced within a period which no geologist considers extremely long.

Archæologists ought to be grateful to worms, as they protect and preserve for an indefinitely long period every object, not liable to decay, which is dropped on the surface of the land, by burying it beneath their castings. Thus, also, many elegant and curious tessellated pavements and other ancient remains have been preserved; though no doubt the worms have in these cases been largely aided by earth washed and blown from the adjoining land, especially when cultivated. The old tessellated pavements have, however, often suffered by having subsided unequally from being unequally undermined by the worms. Even old massive walls may be undermined and subside; and no building is in this

respect safe, unless the foundations lie 6 or 7 feet beneath the surface, at a depth at which worms cannot work. It is probable that many monoliths and some old walls have fallen down from having been undermined by worms.

Worms prepare the ground in an excellent manner for the growth of fibrous-rooted plants and for seedlings of all kinds. They periodically expose the mould to the air, and sift it so that no stones larger than the particles which they can swallow are left in it. They mingle the whole intimately together, like a gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants. In this state it is well fitted to retain moisture and to absorb all soluble substances, as well as for the process of nitrification. The bones of dead animals, the harder parts of insects, the shells of land mollusks, leaves, twigs, etc., are before long all buried beneath the accumulated castings of worms, and are thus brought in a more or less decayed state within reach of the roots of plants. Worms likewise drag an infinite number of dead leaves and other parts of plants into their burrows, partly for the sake of plugging them up and partly as food.

The leaves which are dragged into the burrows as food, after being torn into the finest shreds, partially digested, and saturated with the intestinal and urinary secretions, are commingled with much earth. This earth forms the dark-coloured, rich humus which almost everywhere covers the surface of the land with a fairly well-defined layer or mantle. Von Hansen [1]

[1] "Zeitschrift für wissenschaft. Zoölog., B. xxviii., 1877, p. 360.

placed two worms in a vessel 18 inches in diameter, which was filled with sand, on which fallen leaves were strewed; and these were soon dragged into their burrows to a depth of 3 inches. After about 6 weeks an almost uniform layer of sand, a centimetre (.4 inch) in thickness, was converted into humus by having passed through the alimentary canals of these two worms. It is believed by some persons that worm-burrows, which often penetrate the ground almost perpendicularly to a depth of 5 or 6 feet, materially aid in its drainage; notwithstanding that the viscid castings piled over the mouths of the burrows prevent or check the rain-water directly entering them. They allow the air to penetrate deeply into the ground. They also greatly facilitate the downward passage of roots of moderate size; and these will be nourished by the humus with which the burrows are lined. Many seeds owe their germination to having been covered by castings; and others buried to a considerable depth beneath accumulated castings lie dormant, until at some future time they are accidentally uncovered and germinate.

Worms are poorly provided with sense-organs, for they cannot be said to see, although they can just distinguish between light and darkness; they are completely deaf, and have only a feeble power of smell; the sense of touch alone is well developed. They can therefore learn little about the outside world, and it is surprising that they should exhibit some skill in lining their burrows with their castings and with leaves, and in the case of some species in piling up their castings

into tower-like constructions. But it is far more surprising that they should apparently exhibit some degree of intelligence instead of a mere blind instinctive impulse, in their manner of plugging up the mouths of their burrows. They act in nearly the same manner as would a man, who had to close a cylindrical tube with different kinds of leaves, petioles, triangles of paper, etc., for they commonly seize such objects by their pointed ends. But with thin objects a certain number are drawn in by their broader ends. They do not act in the same unvarying manner in all cases, as do most of the lower animals; for instance, they do not drag in leaves by their foot-stalks, unless the basal part of the blade is as narrow as the apex, or narrower than it.

When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plough is the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world, as have these lowly organised creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organised, namely, corals, have done far more conspicuous work

in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans; but these are almost confined to the tropical zones.

THE ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY[1]

SIR EDWARD STRACHEY

St. Augustine replied to the enquiry, What is time? by saying, "I know when you do not ask me:" and a like answer suggests itself to us if we try to find an adequate reply to the question, What is Chivalry? For chivalry is one of those words, like love, duty, patriotism, loyalty, which make us feel their meaning, and the reality of what they mean, though their ideal and comprehensive character hinders us from readily putting it into the forms of a definition. When the alchemist in the Eastern tale compounds, with all the resources of his art, the universal solvent before the expectant eyes of his pupil, the pupil, seeing the mysterious fluid lie quietly in the crucible, exclaims, with not unreasonable doubt, "O sage, be not deceived: how can that which dissolves all things be itself contained in a ladle?" And how shall chivalry, sparkling and flashing everywhere as it runs through that great complicated tissue of human life which we call modern civilisation,— how shall chivalry, the humaniser of society, be brought within the limits of a definition?

[1] From "An Essay on Chivalry," in the introduction to an edition of Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*, published by Macmillan and Company.

Chivalry, indeed, exists for us in spirit rather than in outward and visible form. It no longer comes to us with the outward symbols of war-horse, and armour, and noble birth, and strength of arm, and high-flown protestations of love and gallantry; yet we never fail to know and feel its presence, silent and unobtrusive as it now is: we recognise the lady and the gentleman not less surely now than they did in old times; and we acknowledge their rights and their power over us now no less than then. And if the spirit of chivalry does live among us still, we may read its past history by its present light, and say in Spenser's words,—

> "By infusion sweete
> Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
> I follow still the footing of thy feete,
> That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete."

Let us then look back to those times when chivalry had an outward, visible form, and was embodied in its own proper institutions, with orders, and statutes, and courts of its own jurisdiction, and rituals, and customs, like those of other great social institutions and members of the body politic.

The deluge of the Teutonic nations which broke up the old Roman civilisation threatened for some centuries to overwhelm Europe with mere barbarism. We know now that the germs of a far higher and better civilisation were everywhere ready to open into life as soon as the fury of that deluge had spent itself; but for a long period the evil seemed mightier than the good. From time to time the clear head, the noble heart and conscience, and the strong arm of an Alfred, a Char-

lemagne, or an Otho, might bring a temporary calm and order into the storm; but when the personal influences of such great men were withdrawn, society relapsed again and again into ever new anarchy, and war — at once the effect and the cause of anarchy — savage, cruel war became the business of all men throughout Europe. The selfish, the rapacious, and the unscrupulous fought for power, and plunder, and love of fighting; and while violence could only be resisted by violence, and each man had to defend himself, his family, and his possessions as best he could, with no effectual aid from law and government, there was a constant tendency to increasing barbarism and brutish, or worse than brutish, instead of human, existence.

But man differs from the brutes in this, that while he can fall lower than they, he can also rise higher, and that even the passions and the impulses which he has in common with them may be subdued, and refined, and modified, till they become the servants and instruments of his human life, and the means by which all that is properly spiritual in his being may be reflected and symbolised upon this earth in outward visible form. The nobler races of men — the historical races, as they have been called — constantly show this aptitude for contending with these downward tendencies of our nature, and for advancing, through the conquest of them, to new and higher life.

And so it was in the Middle Ages. The Church was, no doubt, the great civiliser of the nations: still, whatever aid the State derived from the Church, it then, no less than now, had a position and processes of its

own, by which it did its own work of civilisation too. And its first great work for controlling the universal anarchy of which I have spoken was the extension and firm establishment of that half-patriarchal, half-military organisation which we call the Feudal System. Every man who was not rich and powerful enough to be a lord became — willingly or unwillingly — a vassal; and all men, from the king downwards, were bound to each other for reciprocal service and protection — a service and protection partly military, but partly patriarchal, since they were rendered not by men strangers to each other except for what Mr. Carlyle calls "the nexus of cash payment," but united by ties of family, and neighbourhood, and clanship, and by the interests and sympathies that grow out of these. But the protector of his own vassals easily became the invader of the rights and ravager of the possessions of his neighbour and his vassals; and so the old evils of anarchy and violence grew afresh out of the remedy which had been devised to meet them. The "monarchies sank into impotence; petty, lawless tyrants trampled all social order under foot," says a recent historian of this period, "and all attempts after scientific instruction and artistic pleasures were as effectually crushed by this state of general insecurity as the external well-being and material life of the people. This was a dark and stormy period for Europe, merciless, arbitrary, and violent. It is a sign of the prevailing feeling of misery and hopelessness that, when the first thousand years of our era were drawing to their close, the people in every country in Europe looked with certainty for the

destruction of the world. Some squandered their wealth in riotous living, others bestowed it for the good of their souls on churches and convents; weeping multitudes lay day and night around the altars; some looked forward with dread, but most with secret hope, towards the burning of the earth and the falling in of heaven. Their actual condition was so miserable that the idea of destruction was relief, spite of all its horrors."

The palliatives with which men tried to meet the evils of the times indicate the greatness of the evils, but also the moral feeling which was the promise of better things. Such was the so-called "Peace of the King," by which private wars were not to be entered on till forty days after the committal of the alleged crime which was to be avenged; and the "Truce of God," by which all these acts of private hostility were suspended from Thursday to Monday in each week. And at the Council of Cleremont, held by Urban II in November, 1095, a severe censure was pronounced against the license of private war; the Truce of God was confirmed; women and priests were placed under the safeguard of the Church; and a protection of three years was extended to husbandmen and merchants, the defenceless victims of military rapine. We are reminded of the law of Moses, which provided Cities of Refuge for the man who accidentally and without malice killed his neighbour, but who could not look for protection from the vengeance of the family of the slain man except within those special safeguards. In each case there is the same unreasoning rage of the half-civilised

man brought face to face with the demands of religion and civil law; and each is obliged to yield something to the other till the better cause has had time to prepare and strengthen itself for a more complete triumph.

Chivalry, then, was the offspring of the same spirit which dictated the Peace of the King, the Truce of God, and the decrees of the Council of Cleremont. Chivalry has another name — Knighthood — and the two are wanted to express all that we mean by either. The Chevalier was the soldier who rode the war-horse: he whose birth entitled him, and whose wealth gave him the means, to ride at the head of his vassals and retainers to the war: all ideas of lordship, and mastery, and outward dignity and power, are here embodied before us. But this "chevalier," this "ritter," or rider of the war-horse, was also to be a "knecht," or servant: "He that will be chief among you, let him be your servant." The knight was to obey, no less than to command; he was to exert his strength and power, not for selfish ends, but in the service of others; and especially in the service of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, who could not help or defend themselves. It was, indeed, no new discovery in the world, that such are the duties of him who possesses power, and above all the power of the sword; and they who have tried to trace the origin of chivalry to some particular place and time have had to go to the Germans of Tacitus, to the Crusaders, to the Saracens, to the Romans, the Greeks, the Trojans, the Hebrews, only to come to the conclusion that chivalry belongs in its spirit to man as man; though the form in which that spirit was clothed in Europe in the Middle

Ages has an individuality of which some of the sources may be ascertained, and though from that time forward its power has been established, and extended, in a manner, and with a greatness unknown to the ancients.

In those days society was essentially military. In this our own time the main offices, interests, and occupations of the great body politic are non-military, and the army is but a small portion of the nation, specially trained for a minor, though indispensable, function therein. Peace, for its own sake, and for the sake of the objects which can only be obtained by the arts and with the opportunities of peace, is the end and aim of every civilised nation now; and war is only an occasional means to secure that end. But in the Middle Ages war was, or seemed to be, the chief end of life to the greater part of every nation, and especially to all who possessed rank, and wealth, and power, and were in fact the leaders of the nation. And therefore chivalry, the spirit which was to humanise those warriors, needed to be warlike too, and thus to sympathise with those to whom it addressed itself.

Much, too, of its special form it no doubt owed to that wonderful race of heroes, the Normans. The romantic love of adventure; the religious and the martial enthusiasm; the desire to revenge injuries, and to win wealth and power; the delight in arms and horses, in the luxury of dress, and in the exercises of hunting and hawking; the eloquence and sagacity in council; the patience with which when need was they could endure the inclemency of every climate, and the toil and abstinence of a military life; and the gentleness, the affa-

bility and the gallantry, which were the characteristics of the Norman race; these must have been more or less impressed on men's minds wherever the Norman sway or influence extended, from England to Sicily, and must have reproduced something of themselves in the social habits and manners of the times. When we read the description of William of the Iron Arm, the first Norman count of Apulia, so strong, so brave, so affable, so generous, and so sage above other men — a lion in battle, a lamb in society, and an angel in council — we are reminded of the heroes of chivalry in the days of its greatest refinement, the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Walter of Manny, as they still live in the pages of Froissart; or their counterparts in romance, King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Amadis of Gaul, or Palmerin of England.

The Normans, the latest of the Teutonic races who descended, full of wild life, from their mountains and forests, upon the comparatively civilised plains of Europe, may have brought a newer and fresher feeling for those old manners and customs which Tacitus describes as characterising the Germans of his time, and which are with so much probability connected with the chivalry of the Middle Ages. In ancient Germany and in Scandinavia, it was the custom for each youth, when he was of an age to bear arms, to be presented with a sword, a shield, and a lance, by his father, or some near relation, in an assembly of the chiefs of the nation; and from that time he became a member of the commonwealth, and ranked as a citizen. He then entered the train of some chief, of whom he and his brother youths

became the followers and companions, forming one brotherhood, though not without ranks and degrees, while a generous spirit of equality ran through all.

In ancient Germany, too, women were held in a peculiar reverence, beyond what was known in the other — and otherwise more civilised — nations of antiquity; and the presence of women in the hour of battle, with their husbands, brothers, and fathers, was regarded by those warriors as an incentive to courage, and a pledge of victory, which (as they boasted) their Roman foes were unable to appeal to for themselves. And this old Teutonic reverence for women conspired with the new Christian reverence for the Virgin Mary as the type and representative at once of her sex and of the Church, to supply the purer and nobler elements of the gallantry which forms so large a part, not only of the romance, but of the actual history, of chivalry.

But Christianity exercised not only an indirect, but also a direct and avowed action upon the forms of chivalry, as they attained to their full proportions. Knighthood was certainly a feature as a distinction of society before the days of Charlemagne, who in permitting the governor of Friesland to make knights by girding them with a sword, and giving them a blow, adds, "as is the custom." But no ritual of the Church as yet consecrated that custom. Charlemagne girt the sword on his son Louis the Good without religious ceremonies; and a century later the Saxon king of England, Edward the Elder, clothed Athelstan in a soldier's dress of scarlet, and girded him with a girdle ornamented with precious stones and a sword with sheath of gold, but without re-

ligious rites. But in the next century, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, we read that Hereward, a noble Anglo-Saxon youth, was knighted by the Abbot of Peterborough, with confession, absolution, and prayer that he might be a true knight. And this the historian describes as the custom of the English, as indeed it was, or soon became, that of all Europe; the Normans resisting the innovation longest, but at last adopting it with their wonted ardour. The candidate for knighthood confessed his sins on the eve of his consecration (for such it now was), and passed the night in prayer and fasting in the church: the godfathers, the bath, the white garment, and the tonsure (sometimes limited indeed to a single lock) were the symbols of the new and holy state of life to which he was now called: next morning he heard mass, offered his sword on the altar, where it was blessed by the priest; and he was created a knight — either by the priest of highest rank present, or by some knight, who, in virtue of his knighthood, was qualified to confer the sacred office he had himself received — in the name of God, of St. George, and of St. Michael the Archangel. He swore, and received the holy communion in confirmation of his oath, to fulfil the duties of his profession; to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect women, the poor, and the distressed; to practise courtesy; to pursue the infidels; to despise the allurements of ease and safety, and to maintain his honour in every perilous adventure. And the Council of Cleremont, of which I have already spoken — as if in order to give the sanction of the Church in a still more formal and comprehensive man-

ner to the whole system of chivalry — decreed that every person of noble birth, on attaining the age of twelve years, should take a solemn oath before the bishop of his diocese to defend to the uttermost the oppressed, the widow, and the orphans; that women of noble birth, both married and single, should enjoy his especial care; and that nothing should be wanting in him to render travelling safe, and to destroy tyranny.

Thus, as has been justly observed, all the humanities of chivalry were sanctioned by legal and ecclesiastical power; it was intended that they should be spread over the whole face of Christendom, in order to check the barbarism and ferocity of the times. While the form of chivalry was martial, its objects became to a great extent religious and social: from a mere military array chivalry obtained the name of the Order, the Holy Order, and a character of seriousness and solemnity was given to it; and it was accounted an honourable office above all offices, orders, and acts of the world, except the order of priesthood.

THE PROVINCES OF THE SEVERAL ARTS [1]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

I

"Art," said Goethe, "is but form-giving." We might vary this definition, and say, "Art is a method of expression or presentation." Then comes the ques-

[1] From *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive*, published by Chapman and Hall, London, England.

tion: If art gives form, if it is a method of expression or presentation, to what does it give form, what does it express or present? The answer certainly must be: Art gives form to human consciousness; expresses or presents the feeling or the thought of man. Whatever else art may do by the way, in the communication of innocent pleasures, in the adornment of life and the softening of manners, in the creation of beautiful shapes and sounds, this, at all events, is its prime function.

While investing thought and sentiment, the spiritual subject-matter of all art, with form, or finding for it proper modes of presentation, each of the arts employs a special medium, obeying the laws of beauty proper to that medium. The vehicles of the arts, roughly speaking, are solid substances (like ivory, stone, wood, metal), pigments, sounds, and words. The masterly handling of these vehicles and the realisation of their characteristic types of beauty have come to be regarded as the craftsman's paramount concern. And in a certain sense this is a right conclusion; for dexterity in the manipulation of the chosen vehicle and power to create a beautiful object, distinguish the successful artist from the man who may have had like thoughts and feelings. This dexterity, this power, are the properties of the artist, *quâ* artist. Yet we must not forget that the form created by the artist for the expression of a thought or feeling is not the final end of art itself. That form, after all, is but the mode of presentation through which the spiritual content manifests itself. Beauty, in like manner, is not the final end of art, but is the indispensable condition under which the artistic manifestation of

the spiritual content must be made. It is the business of art to create an ideal world, in which perception, emotion, understanding, action, all elements of human life sublimed by thought, shall reappear in concrete forms as beauty. This being so, the logical criticism of art demands that we should not only estimate the technical skill of an artist and his faculty for presenting beauty to the æsthetic sense, but that we should also ask ourselves what portion of the human spirit he has chosen to invest with form, and how he has conceived his subject. It is not necessary that the ideas embodied in a work of art should be the artist's own. They may be common to the race and age: as, for instance, the conception of sovereign deity expressed in the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias, or the conception of divine maternity expressed in Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. Still the personality of the artist, his own intellectual and moral nature, his peculiar way of thinking and feeling, his individual attitude toward the material given to him in ideas of human consciousness, will modify his choice of subject and of form, and will determine his specific type of beauty. To take an example: supposing that an idea, common to his race and age, is given the artist for treatment; this will be the final end of the work of art which he produces. But his personal qualities and technical performance determine the degree of success or failure to which he attains in seizing that idea and in presenting it with beauty. Signorelli fails where Perugino excels, in giving adequate and lovely form to the religious sentiment. Michelangelo is sure of the sublime, and Raphael of the beautiful.

Art is thus the expression of the human spirit by the artist to his fellow-men. The subject-matter of the arts is commensurate with what man thinks and feels and does. It is as deep as religion, as wide as life. But what distinguishes art from religion or from life is, that this subject-matter must assume beautiful form, and must be presented directly or indirectly to the senses. Art is not the school or the cathedral, but the playground, the paradise of humanity. It does not teach, it does not preach. Nothing abstract enters into art's domain. Truth and goodness are transmuted into beauty there, just as in science beauty and goodness assume the shape of truth, and in religion truth and beauty become goodness. The rigid definitions, the unmistakable laws of science, are not to be found in art. Whatever art has touched acquires a concrete sensuous embodiment, and thus ideas presented to the mind in art have lost a portion of their pure thought-essence. It is on this account that the religious conceptions of the Greeks were so admirably fitted for the art of sculpture, and certain portions of the mediæval Christian mythology lent themselves so well to painting. For the same reason the metaphysics of ecclesiastical dogma defy the artist's plastic faculty. Art, in a word, is a middle term between reason and the senses. Its secondary aim, after the prime end of manifesting the human spirit in beautiful form has been accomplished, is to give tranquil and innocent enjoyment.

II

From what has gone before, it will be seen that no human being can make or mould a beautiful form without incorporating in that form some portion of the human mind, however crude, however elementary. In other words, there is no work of art without a theme, without a motive, without a subject. The presentation of that theme, that motive, that subject is the final end of art. The art is good or bad according as the subject has been well or ill presented, consistently with the laws of beauty special to the art itself. Thus we obtain two standards for æsthetic criticism. We judge a statue, for example, both by the sculptor's intellectual grasp upon his subject, and also by his technical skill and sense of beauty. In a picture of the Last Judgment of Fra Angelico we say that the bliss of the righteous has been more successfully treated than the torments of the wicked, because the former has been better understood, although the painter's skill in each is equal.

In the Perseus of Cellini we admire the sculptor's spirit, finish of execution, and originality of design, while we deplore that want of sympathy with the heroic character which makes his type of physical beauty slightly vulgar and his facial expression vacuous.

If the phrase "Art for art's sake" has any meaning, this meaning is simply that the artist, having chosen a theme, thinks exclusively in working at it of technical dexterity or the quality of beauty. There are many inducements for the artist thus to narrow his function, and for the critic to assist him by applying the canons

of a soulless connoisseurship to his work; for the conception of the subject is but the starting-point in art-production, and the artist's difficulties and triumphs as a craftsman lie in the region of technicalities. He knows, moreover, that however deep or noble his idea may be, his work of art will be worthless if it fail in skill or be devoid of beauty. What converts a thought into a statue or a picture, is the form found for it; and so the form itself seems all-important. The artist, therefore, too easily imagines that he may neglect his theme; that a fine piece of colouring, a well-balanced composition, or, as Cellini put it, "*un bel corpo ignudo,*" is enough. And this is especially easy in an age which reflects much upon the arts, and pursues them with enthusiasm, while its deeper thoughts and sentiments are not of the kind which translate themselves readily into artistic form. But, after all, a fine piece of colouring, a well-balanced composition, a sonorous stanza, a learned essay in counterpoint, are not enough. They are all excellent good things, yielding delight to the artistic sense and instruction to the student. Yet when we think of the really great statues, pictures, poems, music of the world, we find that these are great because of something more — and that more is their theme, their presentation of a noble portion of the human soul. Artists and art students may be satisfied with perfect specimens of a craftsman's skill, independent of his theme; but the mass of men will not be satisfied; and it is as wrong to suppose that art exists for artists and art-students, as to talk of art for art's sake. Art exists for humanity. Art transmutes thought and feeling into terms

of beautiful form. Art is great and lasting in proportion as it appeals to the human consciousness at large, presenting to it portions of itself in adequate and lovely form.

III

It was necessary in the first place firmly to apprehend the truth that the final end of all art is the presentation of a spiritual content; it is necessary in the next place to remove confusions by considering the special circumstances of the several arts.

Each art has its own vehicle of expression. What it can present and how it can present it, depends upon the nature of this vehicle. Thus, though architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, meet upon the common ground of spiritualised experience — though the works of art produced by the architect, sculptor, painter, musician, poet, emanate from the spiritual nature of the race, are coloured by the spiritual nature of the men who make them, and express what is spiritual in humanity under concrete forms invented for them by the artist — yet it is certain that all of these arts do not deal exactly with the same portions of this common material in the same way or with the same results. Each has its own department. Each exhibits qualities of strength and weakness special to itself. To define these several departments, to explain the relation of these several vehicles of presentation to the common subject-matter, is the next step in criticism.

IV

Of the fine arts, architecture alone subserves utility. We build for use. But the geometrical proportions which the architect observes, contain the element of beauty and powerfully influence the soul. Into the language of arch and aisle and colonnade, of cupola and façade and pediment, of spire and vault, the architect translates emotion, vague perhaps but deep, mute but unmistakable.

When we say that a building is sublime or graceful, we mean that sublimity or grace, frivolity or sternness, is inherent in it. The emotions connected with these qualities are inspired in us when we contemplate it, and are presented to us by its form. Whether the architect deliberately aimed at the sublime or graceful — whether the dignified serenity of the Athenian genius sought to express itself in the Parthenon, and the mysticism of mediæval Christianity in the gloom of Chartres Cathedral — whether it was Renaissance paganism which gave its mundane pomp and glory to St. Peter's, and the refined selfishness of royalty its specious splendour to the palace of Versailles — need not be curiously questioned. The fact that we are impelled to raise these points, that architecture more almost than any other art connects itself indissolubly with the life, the character, the moral being of a nation and an epoch, proves that we are justified in bringing it beneath our general definition of the arts. In a great measure because it subserves utility, and is therefore dependent upon the

necessities of life, does architecture present to us through form the human spirit. Comparing the palace built by Giulio Romano for the Dukes of Mantua with the contemporary castle of a German prince, we can not fail at once to comprehend the difference of spiritual conditions, as these displayed themselves in daily life, which then separated Italy from the Teutonic nations. But this is not all. Spiritual quality in the architect himself finds clear expression in his work. Coldness combined with violence marks Brunelleschi's churches; a certain suavity and well-bred taste the work of Bramante; while Michelangelo exhibits wayward energy in his Library of S. Lorenzo, and Amadeo self-abandonment to fancy in his Lombard chapels. I have chosen examples from one nation and one epoch in order that the point I seek to make, the demonstration of a spiritual quality in buildings, may be fairly stated.

V

Sculpture and painting distinguish themselves from the other fine arts by the imitation of concrete existence in nature. They copy the bodies of men and animals, the aspects of the world around us, and the handiwork of mankind. Yet, in so far as they are rightly arts, they do not make imitation an object in itself. The grapes of Zeuxis at which birds pecked, the painted dog at which a cat's hair bristles — if such grapes or such a dog were ever put upon canvas — are but evidences of the artist's skill, not of his faculty as artist. These two plastic, or, as I prefer to call them, figurative

arts, use their imitation of the external world for the expression, the presentation of internal, spiritual things. The human form is for them the outward symbol of the inner human spirit, and their power of presenting spirit is limited by the means at their disposal.

Sculpture employs stone, wood, clay, the precious metals to model forms, detached and independent, or raised upon a flat surface in relief. Its domain is the whole range of human character and consciousness, in so far as these can be indicated by fixed facial expression, by physical type, and by attitude. If we dwell for an instant on the greatest historical epoch of sculpture, we shall understand the domain of this art in its range and limitation. At a certain point of Greek development the Hellenic Pantheon began to be translated by the sculptors into statues: and when the genius of the Greeks expired in Rome, the cycle of their psychological conceptions had been exhaustively presented through this medium. During that long period of time, the most delicate gradations of human personality, divinised, idealised, were submitted to the contemplation of the consciousness which gave them being, in appropriate types. Strength and swiftness, massive force and airy lightness, contemplative repose, and active energy, voluptuous softness and refined grace, intellectual sublimity and lascivious seductiveness — the whole rhythm of qualities which can be typified by bodily form — were analysed, selected, combined in various degrees, to incarnate the religious conceptions of Zeus, Aphrodite, Herakles, Dionysus, Pallas, Fauns and Satyrs, Nymphs of woods and waves, Tritons, the genius of Death, heroes

and hunters, law-givers and poets, presiding deities of minor functions, man's lustful appetites and sensual needs. All that men think, or do, or are, or wish for, or imagine in this world, had found exact corporeal equivalents. Not physiognomy alone, but all the portions of the body upon which the habits of the animating soul are wont to stamp themselves, were studied and employed as symbolism. Uranian Aphrodite was distinguished from her Pandemic sister by chastened, lust-repelling loveliness. The muscles of Herakles were more ponderous than the tense sinews of Achilles. The Hermes of the palæstra bore a torso of majestic depth; the Hermes who carried messages from heaven had limbs alert for movement. The brows of Zeus inspired awe; the breasts of Dionysus breathed delight.

A race accustomed, as the Greeks were, to read this symbolism, accustomed, as the Greeks were, to note the individuality of naked form, had no difficulty in interpreting the language of sculpture. Nor is there even now much difficulty in the task. Our surest guide to the subject of a bas-relief or statue is study of the physical type considered as symbolical of spiritual quality. From the fragment of a torso the true critic can say whether it belongs to the athletic or the erotic species. A limb of Bacchus differs from a limb of Poseidon. The whole psychological conception of Aphrodite Pandemos enters into every muscle, every joint, no less than into her physiognomy, her hair, her attitude.

There is, however, a limit to the domain of sculpture. This art deals most successfully with personified generalities. It is also strong in the presentation of incarnate

character. But when it attempts to tell a story, we often seek in vain its meaning. Battles of Amazons or Centaurs upon bas-reliefs, indeed, are unmistakable. The subject is indicated here by some external sign. The group Laocoön appeals at once to a reader of Virgil, and the divine vengeance of Leto's children upon Niobe is manifest in the Uffizi marbles. But who are the several heroes of the Æginetan pediment, and what was the subject of the Pheidian statues on the Parthenon? Do the three graceful figures of a bas-relief which exists at Naples and in the Villa Albani, represent Orpheus, Hermes, and Eurydice, or Antiope and her two sons? Was the winged and sworded genius upon the Ephesus column meant for a genius of Death or a genius of Love?

This dimness of significance indicates the limitations of sculpture, and inclines some of those who feel its charm to assert that the sculptor seeks to convey no intellectual meaning, that he is satisfied with the creation of beautiful form. There is an element of good sense in this revolt against the faith which holds that art is nothing but a mode of spiritual presentation. Truly the artist aims at producing beauty, is satisfied if he conveys delight. But it is impossible to escape from the certainty that, while he is creating forms of beauty, he means something, feels something; and that something, that theme for which he finds the form, is part of the world's spiritual heritage. Only the crudest works of figurative art, capricci and arabesques, have no intellectual content; and even these are good in so far as they convey the playfulness of fancy.

VI

Painting employs colours upon surfaces — walls, panels, canvas. What has been said about sculpture will apply in a great measure to this art. The human form, the world around us, the works of man's hands, are represented in painting, not for their own sake merely, but with view of bringing thought, feeling, action, home to the consciousness of the spectator from the artist's consciousness on which they have been impressed. Painting can tell a story better than sculpture, can represent more complicated feelings, can suggest thoughts of a subtler intricacy. Through colour, it can play, like music, directly on powerful but vague emotion. It is deficient in the fulness and roundness of concrete reality. A statue stands before us, the soul incarnate in palpable form, fixed and frozen for eternity. The picture is a reflection cast upon a magic glass; not less permanent, but reduced to a shadow of palpable reality. To follow these distinctions farther would be alien from the present purpose. It is enough to repeat that, within their several spheres, according to their several strengths and weaknesses, both sculpture and painting present the spirit to us only as the spirit shows itself immersed in things of sense. The light of a lamp enclosed within an alabaster vase is still lamp-light, though shorn of lustre and toned to coloured softness. Even thus the spirit, immersed in things of sense presented to us by the figurative arts, is still spirit, though diminished in its intellectual clearness and invested with hues not its own. To fashion that alabaster form of art with utmost skill, to

make it beautiful, to render it transparent, is the artist's function. But he will have failed of the highest if the light within burns dim, or if he gives the world a lamp in which no spiritual flame is lighted.

VII

Music transports us to a different region. Like architecture, it imitates nothing. It uses pure sound, and sound of the most wholly artificial kind — so artificial that the musical sounds of one race are unmusical, and therefore unintelligible to another. Like architecture, music relies upon mathematical proportions. Unlike architecture, music serves no utility. It is the purest art of pleasure — the truest paradise and playground of the spirit. It has less power than painting, even less power than sculpture, to tell a story or to communicate an idea. For we must remember that when music is married to words, the words, and not the music, reach our thinking faculty. And yet, in spite of all this, music presents man's spirit to itself through form. The domain of the spirit over which music reigns, is emotion — not defined emotion, not feeling even so generally defined as jealousy or anger — but those broad bases of man's being out of which emotions spring, defining themselves through action into this or that set type of feeling. Architecture, we have noticed, is so connected with specific modes of human existence, that from its main examples we can reconstruct the life of men who used it. Sculpture and painting, by limiting their presentation to the imitation of external things, have all the help

which experience and association render. The mere artificiality of music's vehicle separates it from life and makes its message untranslatable. Nevertheless, this very disability under which it labours is the secret of its extraordinary potency.

To expect clear definition from music — the definition which belongs to poetry — would be absurd. The sphere of music is in sensuous perception; the sphere of poetry is in intelligence. Music, dealing with pure sound, must always be vaguer in significance than poetry, which deals with words. Nevertheless its effect upon the sentinel subject may be more intense and penetrating for this very reason. We cannot fail to understand what words are intended to convey; we may very easily interpret in a hundred different ways the message of sound. But this is not because words are wider in their reach and more alive; rather because they are more limited, more stereotyped, more dead. They symbolise something precise and unmistakable; but this precision is itself attenuation of the something symbolised. The exact value of the counter is better understood when it is a word than when it is a chord, because all that a word conveys has already become a thought, while all that musical sounds convey remains within the region of emotion which has not been intellectualised.[1] Poetry touches emotion through the thinking faculty. If music reaches the thinking faculty at all, it is through fibres of emotion. But emotion, when it has become thought, has already lost a portion of its force, and has

1 "Thought," said Novalis somewhere, "is only a pale, desiccated emotion."

taken to itself a something alien to its nature. Therefore the message of music can never rightly be translated into words. It is the very largeness and vividness of the sphere of simple feeling which makes its symbolical counterpart in sound so seeming vague. But in spite of this incontestable defect of seeming vagueness, an emotion expressed by music is nearer to our sentient self if we have ears to take it in, than the same emotion limited by language. It is intenser, it is more immediate, as compensation for being less intelligible, less unmistakable in meaning. It is an infinite, an indistinct, where each consciousness defines and sets a limitary form.

Nothing intervenes between the musical work of art and the fibres of the sentient being it immediately thrills. We do not seek to say what music means. We feel the music. And if a man should pretend that the music has not passed beyond his ears, he simply tells us that he has not felt music. The ancients on this point were wiser than some moderns when, without pretending to assign an intellectual significance to music, they held it for an axiom that one type of music bred one type of character, another type another. A change in the music of a state, wrote Plato, will be followed by changes in its constitution. It is of the utmost importance, said Aristotle, to provide in education for the use of the ennobling and the fortifying moods. These philosophers knew that music creates a spiritual world, in which the spirit cannot live and move without contracting habits of emotion. In this vagueness of significance but intensity of feeling lies the magic of music. A melody occurs to

the composer, which he certainly connects with no act of reason, which he is probably unconscious of connecting with any movement of his feeling, but which nevertheless is the form in sound of an emotional mood. When he reflects upon the melody secreted thus impromptu, he is aware, as we learn from his own lips, that this work has correspondence with emotion. Beethoven calls one symphony Heroic, another Pastoral; of the opening of another he says, "Fate knocks at the door." Mozart sets comic words to the mass-music of a friend, in order to mark his sense of its inaptitude for religious sentiment. All composers use phrases like Maestoso, Pomposo, Allegro, Lagrimoso, Con Fuoco, to express the general complexion of the mood their music ought to represent.

VIII

Before passing to poetry, it may be well to turn aside and consider two subordinate arts, which deserve a place in any system of æsthetics. These are dancing and acting. Dancing uses the living human form, and presents feeling or action, the passions and the deeds of men, in artificially educated movements of the body. The element of beauty it possesses, independently of the beauty of the dancer, is rhythm. Acting or the art of mimicry presents the same subject-matter, no longer under the conditions of fixed rhythm, but as an ideal reproduction of reality. The actor is what he represents, and the element of beauty in his art is perfection of realisation. It is his duty as an artist to show us

Orestes or Othello, not perhaps exactly as Othello and Orestes were, but as the essence of their tragedies, ideally incorporate in action, ought to be. The actor can do this in dumb show. Some of the greatest actors of the ancient world were mimes. But he usually interprets a poet's thought, and attempts to present an artistic conception in a secondary form of art, which has for its advantage his own personality in play.

IX

The last of the fine arts is literature; or, in the narrower sphere of which it will be well to speak here only, is poetry. Poetry employs words in fixed rhythms, which we call metres. Only a small portion of its effect is derived from the beauty of its sound. It appeals to the sense of hearing far less immediately than music does. It makes no appeal to the eyesight, and takes no help from the beauty of colour. It produces no palpable, tangible object. But language being the storehouse of all human experience, language being the medium whereby spirit communicates with spirit in affairs of life, the vehicle which transmits to us the thoughts and feelings of the past, and on which we rely for continuing our present to the future, it follows that, of all the arts, poetry soars highest, flies widest, and is most at home in the region of the spirit. What poetry lacks of sensuous fulness, it more than balances by intellectual intensity. Its significance is unmistakable, because it employs the very material men use in their exchange of thoughts and correspondence of emotions. To the

bounds of its empire there is no end. It embraces in its own more abstract being all the arts. By words it does the work in turn of architecture, sculpture, painting, music. It is the metaphysic of the fine arts. Philosophy finds place in poetry; and life itself, refined to its last utterance, hangs trembling on this thread which joins our earth to heaven, this bridge between experience and the realms where unattainable and imperceptible will have no meaning.

If we are right in defining art as the manifestation of the human spirit to man by man in beautiful form, poetry, more incontestably than any other art, fulfils this definition and enables us to gauge its accuracy. For words are the spirit, manifested to itself in symbols with no sensual alloy. Poetry is therefore the presentation, through words, of life and all that life implies. Perception, emotion, thought, action, find in descriptive, lyrical, reflective, dramatic, and epical poetry their immediate apocalypse. In poetry we are no longer puzzled with problems as to whether art has or has not of necessity a spiritual content. There cannot be any poetry whatsoever without a spiritual meaning of some sort: good or bad, moral, immoral, or non-moral, obscure or lucid, noble or ignoble, slight or weighty — such distinctions do not signify. In poetry we are not met by questions whether the poet intended to convey a meaning when he made it. Quite meaningless poetry (as some critics would fain find melody quite meaningless, or a statue meaningless, or a Venetian picture meaningless) is a contradiction in terms. In poetry, life, or a portion of life, lives again, resuscitated and pre-

sented to our mental faculty through art. The best poetry is that which reproduces the most of life, or its intensest moments. Therefore the extensive species of the drama and the epic, the intensive species of the lyric, have been ever held in highest esteem. Only a paradoxical critic maintains the thesis that poetry is excellent in so far as it assimilates the vagueness of music, or estimates a poet by his power of translating sense upon the border-land of nonsense into melodious words. Where poetry falls short in comparison with other arts, is in the quality of form-giving, in the quality of sensuous concreteness. Poetry can only present forms to the mental eye and to the intellectual sense, stimulate the physical senses by indirect suggestion. Therefore dramatic poetry, the most complicated kind of poetry, relies upon the actor; and lyrical poetry, the intensest kind of poetry, seeks the aid of music. But these comparative deficiencies are overbalanced, for all the highest purposes of art, by the width and depth, the intelligibility and power, the flexibility and multitudinous associations of language. The other arts are limited in what they utter. There is nothing which has entered into the life of man which poetry cannot express. Poetry says everything in man's own language to the mind. The other arts appeal imperatively, each in its own region, to man's senses; and the mind receives art's message by the help of symbols from the world of sense. Poetry lacks this immediate appeal to sense. But the elixir which it offers to the mind, its quintessence extracted from all things of sense, reacts

through intellectual perception upon all the faculties that make men what they are.

X

I used a metaphor in one of the foregoing paragraphs to indicate the presence of the vital spirit, the essential element of thought or feeling, in the work of art. I said it radiated through the form, as lamplight through an alabaster vase. Now the skill of the artist is displayed in modelling that vase, in giving it shape, rich and rare, and fashioning its curves with subtlest workmanship. In so far as he is a craftsman, the artist's pains must be bestowed upon this precious vessel of the animating theme. In so far as he has power over beauty, he must exert it in this plastic act. It is here that he displays dexterity; here that he creates; here that he separates himself from other men who think and feel. The poet, more perhaps than any other artist, needs to keep this steadily in view; for words being our daily vehicle of utterance, it may well chance that the alabaster vase of language should be hastily or trivially modelled. This is the true reason why "neither gods nor men nor the columns either suffer mediocrity in singers." Upon the poet it is specially incumbent to see that he has something rare to say and some rich mode of saying it. The figurative arts need hardly be so cautioned. They run their risk in quite a different direction. For sculptor and for painter, the danger is lest he should think that alabaster vase his final task. He may too easily be satisfied with moulding a beautiful but empty form.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION [1]

JAMES BRYCE

As the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, we may begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those general features of national character which give tone and colour to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union; but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterwards to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation, I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whiskey before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was unusual while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Con-

[1] From *The American Commonwealth*, published by the Macmillan Company.

federate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offences of all kinds but one, offences against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humour to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colours their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctively new flavour which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set

on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their labouring classes with the condition of the masses in the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and

the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great States of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and poor,— contests which go down to the foundations of government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while some think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that further changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such questions trouble native American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only to protect the Constitution from being perverted by the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great

slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority as events developed the real issues, so that this also has been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.

This feeling shades off into another, externally like it, but at bottom distinct — the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail, but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This idea, which appears in the guise sometimes of piety and sometimes of fatalism, seems to be no contemptible factor in the present character of the people. It will be more fully dealt with in a later chapter.

The native Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland, and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused, than in any other country. They know the Constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its result tested at

elections. The Town Meeting was for New England the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. In villages, men used to exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness. Women in particular, pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men. Almost everywhere one finds women's clubs in which literary, artistic, and social questions are discussed, and to which men of mark are brought to deliver lectures.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with the functions which the theory of the American government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organisation assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a reproach to the schools, which generally do what English schools omit — instruct the child in the principles of the Con-

stitution — as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizen are not, as has hitherto been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislators, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is one of the governors of the Republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote. Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with a full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of their past careers. The instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself capable of governing, does not fit him to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes of the ship and is expert in working her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but cannot judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting aside the *colluvies gentium* which one finds in Western mining camps, now largely filled by recent

immigrants, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also — and here again I mean the people of native American stock, especially in the Eastern and Middle States — on the whole, a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous church-goers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which some still, though all much less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith.

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is

strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature.

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do not mean irreverent,— far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions — political, economical, or social — to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and adviser. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others towards correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed towards instruction, but towards stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need

professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practised the art of running conventions and winning elections.

Even that strong point of America, the completeness and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man because the citizens judge of all politics by the politics they see first and know best, — those of their township or city,— and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman, or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size, and believe that what does for Lafayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive or hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it. Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisured class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a

member of a party, takes some interest in current events. But although he would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonished me in 1870 and 1881 to find how small a part politics played in conversation among the best educated classes and generally in the cities. Since 1896 there has been a livelier and more constant interest in public affairs; yet even now business matters so occupy the mind of the financial and commercial classes, and athletic competitions the minds of the uneducated classes and of the younger sort in all classes, that political questions are apt, except at critical moments, to fall into the background.[1] In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of private talk, as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel — more, I think, than he feels anywhere in Britain — that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There is plenty of political chat round the store at the cross roads, and though it is

[1] The increased space given to athletics and games of all sorts in the newspapers marks a change in public taste no less striking here than it is in Britain. As it is equally striking in the British colonies, one may take it as a feature common to the modern English-speaking world, and to that world only, for it is scarcely discernible in Continental Europe.

rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.[1]

The want of serious and sustained thinking is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick perceptions serve them so well in business and in the ordinary affairs of private life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking belongs to the average man everywhere. True. But less is expected from the average man in other countries than from a people who have carried the doctrine of popular sovereignty further than it has ever been carried before. They are tried by the standard which the theory of their government assumes. In other

[1] The European country where the common people best understand politics is Switzerland. That where they talk most about politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boatmen discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens, during the whole voyage, with the liveliest interest and apparently some knowledge.

countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are supposed to do it for themselves. To say that they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that the men who have got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, downright, apprehensible by an ordinary understanding. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of their locality or party as truths due to their own reflection.

It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect, however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

They are an unsettled people. In no State of the

Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in some it is almost nomadic. Except in the more stagnant parts of the South, nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbours. Community of interest, or of belief in such a cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytising force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favourable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. One who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may certainly find ground for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbour's sentiment more quickly and easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite confidence, which foreigners attribute to the English-

man, though it belongs rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is, though not absent, yet less marked in America.[1] It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organisation which their history and institutions have educed, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeful people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow, like the wheel of a

[1] I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the English, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans travelling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do; nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants — Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans — "the natives."

railway car, by the accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at once, because what has told upon one, has told in the same way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds like success. The native American or so-called Know-nothing party had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry, its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival. Now and then as for instance in the elections of 1874–75, and again in those of 1890, there comes a rush of feeling so sudden and tremendous, that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet any one who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them conservative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their history and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell

of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future, makes them under-estimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans. They are no doubt ready to listen to suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the city of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. The Americans have doubtless of late years become, especially in the West, an experimental people, so far as politics and social legislation are concerned. Yet there is also a sense in which they are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognises the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

INDEX

Adaptation, 24, 62, 68
Affirmations, 22–23
American Commonwealth, The, 256
" American Magazine," The, 175
Analysis, 8, 10, 31, 32, 73–112
Analysis and Division, 79–84
Analysis and Order, 79–84
Analysis, Exercises in, 109–112
  Relation to Definition, 75–79
  Selections for, 211–272
Analytical Definition, 35, 52
Aphorisms, 28–30
Aristotle, 74, 118, 193
Arnold, Matthew, 38, 127, 190
Art, 156, 182
Art of Literature, The, 132
Assignments, 53–56, 71–72, 109–112, 145–154, 171–181, 205–211
Atlantic Monthly, The, 88
Austen, Jane, 18, 136
Austin, Alfred, 45
Autobiography (Of De Quincey), 132
Awkward Age, The, 111

Bacon, Sir Francis, 116
Balzac, Honoré, 140
Barrie, James M., 110
Bible, The, 55, 144
Birrell, Augustine, 18
Björnson, Björnstjerne, 110
Blake, William, 164, 166
Bosanquet, Bernard, 6, 19, 60
Bradley, A. C., 104, 105
Bradley, F. H., 19
Brevity, 128–137
Brieux, Eugène, 109
Brontë, Charlotte, 127, 166, 167, 168
Brooke, Stopford, 103
Browning, Robert, 38, 45, 160, 172
Bruyère, Jean de la, 118
Bryce, James, 256
Buffon, Comte *de*, 117, 118, 125
Bunner, Henry Cuyler, 110
Burke, Edmund, 106
Butler, Samuel, 64

Cæsar; A Sketch, 65
Caird, Edward, 46
Carpenter, William Boyd, 115
Causality, 73
" Century Dictionary," The, 55
Cheshire Cat, 119
Chesterton, Gilbert Keith, 47
Cicero, 118
Clearness, 6, 7
Cleveland, Grover, 15
Climax, 75
Code of Signals, Language as a, 58
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 133
Composition, Aristotle's Laws of, 74
Complete Definition, 37, 41
Composition and Rhetoric, (Kavana and Beatty's), 111
Comus, 98
Concentration, 62–65
Conclusion, 93
Concreteness, 7, 113–117
Constitution of The United States, The, 124
Constructional Definition, 35, 36, 52
Convincingness, 6
Contiguity, Law of, 158
Copernicans, 24

Critic, Characteristics of the, 183–184
Critical Philosophy of Kant, The, 47
Criticism, 182–204
  Kinds of, 185–192
  General questions of, 183, 192–195
  Selections of, for Analysis, 192–204
Croce, Benedetto, 29
Crock of Gold, 136, 166
Crotchet Castle, 23
Crown of Wild Olive, The, 50
Culture, 36
Curtain-Raisers, 110
Curtis, George William, 200

Dante, 74
Darwin, Charles R., 17, 219
Deduction, 47, 66–67
Definition, of Exposition, 5, 6
  as a process of Exposition, 8, 10, 31–56
  Purpose of, 32–36
  Kinds of, 32–48, 52, 53
  for classification, 53–56
  Relation to Analysis, 75–79
Definitions, Summary of, 52–53
Deirdre of the Sorrows, 136
De Quincey, Life of, 90
De Quincey, Thomas, 132, 202
Description, 8, 9, 11, 73
Development, 93
Diction, 116, 124–140
Dictionaries, 77
Differentia, 47
Differentiation of Experience, 51–71
Direct Method in Exposition, 8, 9, 10, 48–52
Discoveries, 113
Discovery, 24
Disraeli, Benjamin, 186
Divine Fire, The, 98
Division, 79–84, 85–101
Dramatic Values, 161
Dryden, John, 30
Dunsany, Lord, 110

Earle, John, 29
Editorials, 171
Edmund Burke, 159
Elements of Economics (Burch and Nearing's), 111
Eliot, George, 98
Ely, Richard T., 109
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 201
Emma, 136
English Literature (Brooke's), 103
"English Men of Letters" Series, 90
Essays from the Easy Chair, 200
Essays, Speculative and Suggestive, 235
Essays, Subjects for, 205–211
Essentials of Logic, 19
Estelle Ann Lewis, 199
Experience, 10, 20
  Panoramas of, 19–28
  Relation of Composition to, 73–75
  Simplifying of, 73–75
  Interpretation of, 58
  Enlargement of, 59
  Concentration upon, 62–63
Experience and Imagination, 66
Exposition as an Art, 6
  as Ethics, 6
  as picture, 73
  as Science, 6
  Function of, 26

Face, A, 158
Faith and Reasoning, 81
Farnol, Jeffery, 111
Federalist, The, 124
Fiske, John, 72
Five Plays, 110
Flandrau, Charles Macomb, 120
Formation of Vegetable Mould, 219
Form, Definition of, 141
  Unity of, 78
  Vitality of, 98
Francke, Kuno, 88, 89
Freytag, Gustave, 109
Froude, James Anthony, 65, 148

Function, Unity of, 78
Function of Exposition, 1–30

Galsworthy, John, 14, 109
Galton, Francis, 115
Generalisation, 162
Genus, 34, 37
German prose style, 132
Gibbon, Edward, 17, 150
Gladstone, William Ewart, 13
Goal in Exposition, The, 5, 6
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 28, 29
Gorgias, 70
Green, John Richard, 17

Half-Hours, 110
Hamilton, Alexander, 124
Hardy, Thomas, 15, 71, 110
Harrison, Frederic, 127
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 91, 111
Hazlitt, William, 132, 133
Hearn, Lafcadio, 168
Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich, 92
Herbert, Sir T., 42
Hewlett, Maurice, 72, 111
Heywood, Thomas, 99
History, 27, 188
History of Architecture, 43
Homer, 127
Honourable Mr. Tawnish, The, 111
Howard, Bronson, 110
Huxley, Thomas Henry, 17, 33, 34, 35, 72, 102, 114, 119, 125, 146

Ibsen, Henrik, 14, 183
Ideas, Nature of, 58, 77, 78, 79
Ideas, Material of Exposition, 18
Il Penseroso, 95, 109
Imagination, The, 24, 62, 65–68 156
  Pictorial power of, 65, 66
  Structure-making power of, 65, 66, 67
Imperfect Definition, 37, 42, 53
Incomplete Definition, 37, 42
Indirect Method in Exposition, 8, 9, 11–18, 31, 48–52
Induction, 66–67
Inn of Tranquillity, The, 14
Institutes (Of Quintilian), 101
Interest, 7
Interpretation, Function of, 161
Introduction, 93
Ion, 62
Irish Renaissance, 136

James, Henry, 111
James, William, 57, 72
Johnson, Samuel, 53
Jones, Henry Arthur, 70
Jonson, Ben, 54, 100, 113
Judgment, 22

Kant, Immanuel, 46, 72
Keats, John,
Kipling, Rudyard, 72
Kotto, 168
Krehbiel, H. E., 198

L'Allegro, 95–97, 109
Lamb, Charles, 164, 165, 166
Landor, Walter Savage, 136
Lang, Andrew, 13, 127
Language, as symbol, 57
  as code of signals, 58
Lanier, Sidney, 25
Latin, 140
Laws of Composition, Aristotle's, 74
Law of Contiguity, 158
Le Morte D'Arthur, 225
Length of a composition, 74
Les Caractères, 118
Life of Burns, 128
Ligeia, 109
Literature, 27
  and Life, 195
Little Masterpieces of Science, 115
Lockhart, J. G., 128, 129
Logical Definition, 34, 52
Longinus, 29
Low, A. Maurice, 56

Lowell, James Russell, 54, 55, 86, 87, 89, 143, 155
Lucifer, 45
Luria, 72
Lyell, Sir Charles, 17

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 106
Madonna of the Peach Tree, 111
Maeterlinck, Maurice, 77, 164
Mannerism, 142, 143
Marble Faun, The, 111
Mark Twain, 201
Marlowe, Christopher, 106
Mason, Walt, 201
Masson, David, 90
Material of Exposition, 18
Mather, Cotton, 139
Matter, subject-, 142–144
Maupassant, Guy de, 72, 110
Mazzini, Giuseppe, 89
Merchant of Venice, The, 14
Meredith, George, 13
Method in Exposition, 8, 17, 48–52
  Direct, 31
  Indirect, 8, 9, 11–18, 31, 48–52
  Mastery of, 16
  of Notation, 90–91
Methods of Analysis, 73–112
Militarism, division of, 84
Mill, John Stuart, 140
Milton, John, 33, 95, 99, 109
Mind and the Subject, The, 57–72
Miscellanies, 211
"Mr. Trillo," 23
Modern Painters, 129, 132
Modern Painting, 215
Monopolies and Trusts, 109
Montague, C. E., 161
Moore, George, 215
Morley, John, 159
Mother Goose, 138
Motley, John Lothrop, 17
Muses, The, 141
Muziano, Girolamo, 56

Narrative, 9, 11–15
Nature, 24, 28
News, 171
Newton, Sir Isaac, 72
Notation, Method of, 90–91

Observation, 68
Odyssey, 127
Oratory, 80–83
Order, 2, 79–84, 116, 117–119
Organisation, 141, 142
  of experience, 57–71
"O. Henry," 2, 12, 13, 204
Othello, 72, 109
Outlining, 90–97
Oxford Dictionary, 43, 47

Paine, Albert Bigelow, 66
Panoramas of Experience, 18–28
Paolo and Francesca, 166
Parkman, Francis, 17
Pater, Walter, 56, 88, 95, 127, 177
Peacock, Thomas Love, 23
Perfect definition, 37, 41, 53
Phaedrus, 60
Phillips, Stephen, 166
Phillpotts, Eden, 110
Philosophy of Composition, The, 109
Philosophy of Fine Art, 92
Philosophy of Style, 16
Plan, 90–97
Plato, 60, 62, 70
Plausibility, 163
Poe, Edgar Allan, 72, 100, 109, 110, 166, 199
Poem Outlines, 25
Poetry, 99, 76, 77, 78
Political Geography in the United States, 85
Porter, William Sydney, 2, 12, 13, 204
Practice, 4
Praeterita, 51
Preliminaries, to Writing, 1–5, 64, 65
Probability, 163
Problem of Life, A, 110

Proem, 101
Psychology, 190, 192

Quintilian, 101

Raleigh, Professor Walter, 56
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 47
Readers, Kinds of, 10, 11
Reading, 3
Realism, 71
Reason and Faith, 81
Red Robe, The, 109
Renaissance, The, 177
Reply to Hayne, 94
Reporting, 100, 157, 161
Reporting and Interpreting, 155–181
  Selections for the study of, 171–181
Revision, 140
Richardson, W. D., 103
Riders to the Sea, 136
Robey, George, 161
Romola, 98
Ruskin, John, 15, 40, 43, 48, 51, 54, 89, 124–130, 147

Saxon diction, 140
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 132
Science, 27, 32, 75, 156, 182, 183, 188
Science Magazine, 103
Selections for analysis, 211–272 (also see ends of chapters II, V, VI, VII)
Sentence length, 128–136, 138, 139
Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, A, 142, 143, 155
Shadow of the Glen, The, 136
Shakespeare, 14, 59, 60, 72, 106, 109
Shakespearean Tragedy, 104
Shaw, George Bernard, 35, 42
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 141
Shirley, James, 38
Signals, Language as a code of, 58
Simplicity, of diction, 137
Sinclair, May, 98
Singular definition, 37, 53
Sisterly Scheme, A, 110
Sparks, Jared, 72
Speech-craft, 24
Spencer, Herbert, 16, 55, 72
Spinoza, Benedict, 1
Spontaneity, 3, 81
Stephens, James, 136, 166
Sterne, Laurence, 142–144, 155
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 184
Strachey, Sir Edward, 225
Strife, 14, 109
Structure, 90–97, 101
Struggle for Life, The, 110
Study of a Novel, The, 110
Study of Poetry, The, 190
Style, Essay on (Pater's), 88, 95
Style, Essay on (Schopenhauer's), 132
  in Exposition, 113–154
  Importance of, 140–142
  and Matter, 142–144
  Selections for study of, 145–154
Subject, The Mind and the, 57–72
Subject-matter, 142–144
Subjects for essays, 205–211 (Also see ends of chapters III and IV)
Substance, Unity of, 78
Success in Writing, 7–10
Summary, The, 101–109
Sun, The New York, 175, 177
Sutro, Alfred, 62, 63
Symbol, Language as, 8, 57, 58
Symonds, John Addington, 235
Sympathy, 62, 68
Synge, John Millington, 136
Synthetic definition, 34, 52

Technical writing, 27
Technique, Definition of, 141
Technique of the Drama, 109
Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Estimates, 127
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, 15

Test of Truth, 24
Thackeray, William Makepeace, 15
Thimble, Thimble, 12
Thoreau, Henry David, 154, 211
Thorndike, A. H., 91
Times, New York, 204
Tolstoi, Leo, 110
Tone, 116, 119–124
Triads of Poetry, 30
Triads of Wisdom, 30
Tribune, New York, 198
Tri-dimensional test of literature, 26
Truth, 18, 44
  Definition of, 5
Twelfth Night, 160
Tyndall, John, 149

Unity, in Composition, 68
  Principles of, 78
Universal definition, 37, 38, 53
Unto This Last, 48

Vanity Fair, 15
Villette, 166
Virgil, 17, 75
Viva Mexico, 120

Wallace, Alfred Russell, 107
Washington, George, 72
Way of All Flesh, The, 64
Webster, Daniel, 94
Wells, H. G., 173
Whitcomb, S., 110
White, William Allen, 15
Wild Duck, The, 14
Witchcraft, 88
Wonderful Century, The, 108
Wordsworth, William, 28
Work, Essay on, 89

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects.

English Composition in Theory and Practice

By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph.D.; Frederick Erastus Pierce, Ph.D.; Thomas Goddard Wright, M.A.

of the Department of English Composition in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University

And Henry Noble MacCracken, Ph.D., President of Vassar College.

Cloth, 12mo, 455 pp., $1.25

Extracts from the Preface to the New and Revised Edition

The purpose of the authors of this volume has been to combine in one book a set of directions for good writing, based upon sound principles and written, primarily, for the student, with a varied and extensive collection of examples drawn from *all* the forms of discourse, and inclusive of both brief excerpts and complete essays, arguments, and stories. We have added supplementary material in the several appendices, and a selected list of books, which may be used with this manual, or consulted for parallel discussions of the topics here taken up. Exposition, Argument, Description, and Narrative present differing problems in the teaching of English Composition, and vary in their degree of usefulness with the individual, the course, and the institution. We have endeavored to give to each the proportionate space and the kind of treatment which the average student requires. The whole composition, the paragraph, the sentence, and the word have been discussed in their relation to Exposition, because, for the average student, it is the power to explain clearly which is of primary importance. Thus Exposition has been given a predominant space. The chapter on the Sentence goes into minute detail because the average student, at present, does not understand the structure of the sentence; the chapter on Narrative deals with constructive problems mainly, because it is in learning to construct a story that he can best make Narrative increase his powers of expression; the chapter on Description includes literary and esthetic problems, because one variety of Description can only thus be taught. An order of succession for these various topics has been chosen after experiment with many classes. Nevertheless, except that Exposition must come first, the teacher will find that the plan of this book permits any arrangement of subjects which his own experience may have led him to desire.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers **64–66 Fifth Avenue** **New York**

Handbook of Exposition

R. A. Jelliffe, Associate Professor of English in Oberlin College.

New York, 1914. Reprinted, 1915.

222 pp., 12mo., $.90.

After a brief introductory chapter dealing with exposition in general, there are discussed the several types of exposition, such as definition, analysis, expository description, the familiar essay, criticism, etc., in such a manner that the student may acquire by induction a broad comprehension of the subject as a whole. Each chapter consists of a brief body of doctrine on the special expository form there treated, followed by a specimen of illustrative and of intrinsic value. Designed for special courses in Exposition, whether given in the freshman year or as advanced work.

Specimens of Exposition and Argument

Compiled by Milton Percival, M.A., and R. A. Jelliffe, A.M.,

Associate Professor of English in Oberlin College.

New York, 1908. Fifth reprint, 1914.

362 pp., 12mo, $.90.

The specimens here presented have been chosen chiefly from contemporary authors, men of affairs, statesmen, and educators, with the result that they prove of much greater interest to the student than do those in the ordinary collections made from standard authors. Furthermore, the style of contemporaries of this type may be more readily imitated, and hence specimens from writings of such authors are more adapted to model study. The order of selections in the first half, illustrating exposition, proceeds from those which have some narrative and descriptive features to those which describe a process—Exposition by Definition and Exposition by Analysis. The order of selections under Argument proceeds logically from the simple to the complex. The selections in this latter half are arranged under the following headings: Persuasion, A Brief, Introductions, Arguments, Refutation, Controversy.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64–66 Fifth Avenue New York

College Readings in English Prose

By Franklin W. Scott, Assistant Professor of English, and Jacob Zeitlin, Associate in English, in the University of Illinois.

New York, 1914. Fifth reprint, 1916.

635 pp., 12mo, $1.40.

One of the most useful books of specimens for freshmen students ever published and probably the most complete in range of subject matter, typical forms, and levels of style. That which the editors have chiefly kept in mind is the needs of different classes of students. In addition to those things which form a common ground of interest to all students there are articles of special interest to the engineering and agricultural student, though in no case are these so technical as to be uninteresting to the general student. The material under Exposition and Argumentation has been chosen with a view to its timeliness, a good many of the selections being drawn from the literature of the last few years. There is also, however, an ample representation of writers like Macaulay, John Fiske, Huxley, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose usefulness as class models has been satisfactorily tested.

An appendix of student themes offers models of a standard of writing which the undergraduate might reasonably be expected to attain, thus serving as an incentive and encouragement for the student who believes the achievements of the masters to be impossible of his own attainment. A double scheme of classification and brief notes for each specimen aid the instructor in using the book in the classroom.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers 64–66 Fifth Avenue New York

The Theory and Practice of Argumentation and Debate

By V. A. Ketcham, Assistant Professor of English in the Ohio State University.

New York, 1914. Second reprint, 1916.

366 pp., 12mo, $1.25.

This book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the practice and the second with the theory of argumentation and debate. The author believes that better results are obtained by setting the student immediately at the actual work of building up an argument, for after he has had experience in constructing and presenting arguments he is better fitted to make practical application of the theoretical principles presented in Part II. The book is so arranged, however, that the old order of presentation may be followed, if preferred.

The confusion resulting from an abundance of rules is avoided by limiting the rules here presented to those which are strictly essential and practical and by stating these clearly and simply. Nevertheless, adequate provision is made for all contingencies. Practical exercises are included and instructions are given for the effective delivery of argument. The author shows the student where to find and how to choose and express a proposition for argument as well as how to analyze that proposition for the purpose of discovering what must be done in order to establish its truth or falsity. The sources of evidence and the method of collecting evidence are pointed out. Directions for constructing a brief from this evidence are given together with the method of developing the finished argument.

The Lincoln-Douglas debates are included in the appendix.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers 64–66 Fifth Avenue New York

DATE DUE

NOV 3 0 1981			
JAN 0 4 1999			
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

J. R. VAN PELT LIBRARY, MTU
3 1714 003 280 780

PE
1408
.R2

32037